THE SALT-BOX HOUSE

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE IN A NEW ENGLAND HILL TOWN *by* JANE DeFOREST SHELTON

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The Salt-Box House

"The Ornament of the House is Neatness,
The Luck of the House is Contentment,
The Honor of the House is Hospitality,
The Blessing of the House is Piety."

"Love is the true key of history."

A Salt-Box House with Slave Quarters and Barn.

The Salt-Box House

Eighteenth Century Life in a New England Hill Town

By Jane de Forest Shelton

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In Honor of the Long-Ago;

AND TO THOSE, WHO, PASSING AN OLD HIGHWAY,
SEE THE SIGNS WRITTEN ON MOSS-COVERED FENCES,
IN TRACES OF OLD DOOR-YARDS,
BY LONE-STANDING CHIMNEYS,
AND WOULD KNOW THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF;
TO THOSE WHOSE PULSES ARE STIRRED
AS THEY STAND BENEATH THE LONG SLOPING ROOFS,
AND WHOSE HEARTS BOW REVERENTLY
AS THEY READ THE RECORDS
ON THE GRAVE-STONES OF THE SEVENTEEN HUNDREDS,

This book is inscribed.

PREFACE

FIRE, with its relentless touch; the paper-mill during the Civil War with its eager grasp and large recompense; and the hand that knows no reverence for "Yesterday" have combined to cast into the pit of Oblivion much that would now be deemed priceless. But the faithful seeker along the shores of the Past will find that there yet remain sheltered beaches where some of the treasures left by the flood of Time have escaped the wear of waves, a careless foot, and crumpling fingers.

This record of life in the eighteenth century has been compiled from a careful searching of private papers, and by mention of the long-ago, a stirring of old memories, parting the mists of the present and welcoming the wafts of recollection, till the vision dear to the old hearts grew clear, and tradition and knowledge were secured.

It is believed that in the following pages there is not recorded a custom or a costume, an article of use or adornment, a habit of life or of manner, for which there is not authority for the period and locality designated.

Life in the various New England colonies had many common characteristics, but it had also differences dependent upon the situation of towns, their accessibility or isolation, the class of persons founding them, and the possible means of subsistence. The purpose of this record is to show the life on one group of hills in western Connecticut, which, although typical, had nevertheless some special features.

All life in the primitive days of our country had its hardships, its trials, and privations, but it had also its amenities, and although To-day would not willingly change places with Yesterday, it is quite possible that Yesterday would not change with To-day.

J. DE F. S.

GREYSTONE, DERBY, CONN., August, 1900.

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The Salt-Box House

"History is a landscape, and, like those of nature, it is continually changing. Two persons who look at it at the same time do not find in it the same charm, and you yourself, if you had it continually before your eyes, would never see it twice alike. The general lines are permanent, but it needs only a jet of light to bring out such or such a detail and give it a false value.

"When I began this page the sun was disappearing behind the ruins of the Castle of Crussol, and the splendors of the sunset gave it a shining aureola; the light flooded everything and you no longer saw everywhere the damage which wars have inflicted upon the old feudal manor. I looked, almost thinking I could perceive at the window the figure of the chatelaine. . . . Twilight has come, and now there is nothing there but crumbling walls, a discrowned tower, nothing but ruins and rubbish which seem to beg for pity."—*Introduction to the Life of S. Francis of Assisi by Paul Sabatier.*

THE SALT-BOX HOUSE

I

THE TOUCH OF TIME

The old house looks as if it had stood in the path of a tornado. But it has only yielded to the pressure of the hand of Time weighted with the vagaries of New England's climate. Even the pyramids of Egypt could not long have held their majesty if they had been set on Connecticut's hills with her extremes of heat and cold to try their temper; and the old house, though firm in its foundation and staunch in its up-rearing, after bearing itself bravely for one hundred and thirty years, fell, as an old man falls by the wayside—when the knees give way and the head drops forward—all of a heap!

The house seemed to lose heart when Miss Mary died. She was the last of her line, and her

next of kin, being well placed elsewhere, cared not for removal. After a brief period of desolation the alien came to work the land on shares. But, as the strange burr dropped from his tongue, and he set up his cheap modern furniture, the old walls stood aloof and the ceilings withheld their benediction. At the end of the season he complained that the stairs were awry, the cupboard shelves aslant, and the "childer" tripped on the wavy floors; so when all these incongruities, animate and inanimate, were safely outside the great door, the latch gave a happy click as it fell into place, leaving the house alone with its secrets and its mysteries. And again the winds brought their joys and sorrows to the sympathetic chimney, while the sunbeams came through the unshaded windows to dance their old stately measure on the familiar floors.

The old home-makers needed no modern decorator to tell them that the chimney was the heart of the house. Well they knew that through its arteries the life-blood must flow, that it meant warmth, and food, and comfort, all that centres in a home. And for long this great chimney held itself like a stout heart against all

odds. But when the frosts of winter and the suns of summer swelled, and then shrivelled, the mortar lying between the stones at the top till it crumbled out, scattering down to the eaves, and now and again a top-stone fell off, there was no one to know it. And the cellar gathered more than its share of dampness that worked in between the great stones at the chimney's base. Then one night a fierce, unfriendly wind danced around the old walls, mockingly taking hold of the ridge-pole as if shaking it by the shoulders, and, with a shiver, the great heart failed. Over onto the sloping roof the chimney fell, crashing through and carrying down with it shingles, rafters and flooring, down, down, to the cellar itself, filling the great chasm with wreakage half-way to the ceiling of the first floor, and tumbling out far beyond the back-door stone, out to the rose-bushes themselves. Stones enough to build a church!

It had been a great house in its day. Built after the fashion that ruled largely in Connecticut for half of the last century, it was more convenient and commodious than graceful or picturesque. Colloquially, it was called a " salt-

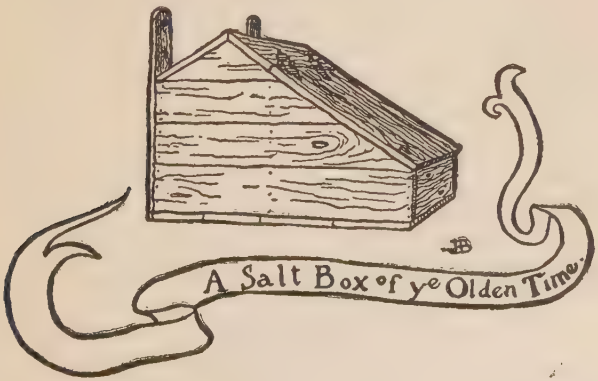
box house," its lines repeating those of the wooden salt-box that hung in the kitchen chimney. The ridge-pole was set far to the front, from which a short roof pitched to the top of the second story, but the back roof sloped long and curveless down to the outer line of the ceiling of the ground floor, reaching out a wing beyond that to cover the L that cuddled close to the main house.

The chimney too, the house's great centre, was set well forward. Following the prevailing custom, irrespective of the highway, the house faced the south. The wide front door, with long iron hinges stretching across it, opened into a small hall or "entry," from which, by a few steps, and a landing at top and bottom, the staircase, with its quaintly turned balusters, wound against the back of the chimney, leading to another short hall above. From each end of these "entries" opened rooms large and square, leading again into other rooms, and on the lower floor the whole front of the great chimney made the cheer of the long kitchen.

Beyond the house were the many out-buildings; the L covering both a well and a fireplace,

the "end-kitchen," the little house that made quarters for some of the slaves, the smoke-house and wood-sheds, and beyond these, across the garden, were the great barns giving shelter to the various animals that bespoke the necessities of the day when each family lived principally upon its own resources, and there another well with a long "sweep" repeated the house-lines in its slope.

Built in 1758, the house had been the birth-place of nine children, and its hospitable door was ever open not only for friend and kindred, but for the stranger as well. From it had gone forth much that tended to the growth and well-being of the neighboring towns, and, in its measure, the never-ending influence of good lives and right living on the race.



II

NEW ENGLAND PIONEERS

The hardships of the pioneer, in any land, result largely from severity of climate and the distance from those necessities of life that the new country does not supply, while his success depends upon more than industry and perseverance. The Mayflower company and the 25,000 colonists that came to New England in the first twenty years of its settling brought with their carved chests, their big Bibles, their supply of linen and pewter, a store of faith and courage, of fine enthusiasm and unflinching purpose, to be daunted neither by fear of the savage nor the might of Nature's barriers, proving the force of civilization in subduing the untamed native, and making of rock, and tree, and soil, both friend and vassal.

Twenty years from the landing at Plymouth

Rock found the first great Indian war successfully ended, and hundreds of settlements, not only along the coasts and by the mouths of the rivers, but the wilderness had been threaded, and homes were set beside the upper waters. Following an inherent law of succession—where man has been man will be—the footprint of the outgoing Indian proved often a loadstone to the incoming colonist. The site of clustered wigwams became a centre for groups of low log-houses, soon superseded by more ambitious dwellings as numbers grew and various craftsmen put their hands to the up-building.

Cupheag, on Long Island Sound, near the mouth of the Housatonic River, deserted by the red man after the "Swamp Fight" at Fairfield, thus became the foundation settlement for a band of pioneers from the Connecticut colony at Hartford. Friendly relations were established with the not-far-off Indian, who, charmed by the adornments and appliances of civilization, gladly exchanged broad tracts of the one commodity that to him seemed inexhaustible—land—for coats and kettles, for knives and rifles, for spoons and powder, until eventually groups and

ranges of forest-covered hills were added to the township, stretching its measure on the river twelve miles northward, and spreading seven or eight to the west. Extent of territory was the aim of towns and of individuals. Great purchases were made and divided by "lot" among the original proprietors, thus giving to Americans the term still used to designate a portion of land.

In western Connecticut the upland soil is often richer than that of the valleys, and as adventurous spirits were not lacking, centres of settlement focussed here and there among the clustering hills, until Stratford, as Cupheag became to the white man, increasing in power and numbers, formed one of the most important towns in the Colony.

In 1686 a young Englishman arrived at its port of entry, applied for permission to build a warehouse and dock, and successfully conducted a large shipping and mercantile business. In 1692 he made fitting choice, for a bride, of a Wethersfield maiden, the granddaughter of one of the early colonial governors, and closely allied to other prominent families of the older

settlements. Early in 1700 these two, Daniel and Elizabeth, with their children, removed from Stratford village to Long Hill, about eight miles northward, where Daniel's landed interest was a tract two miles square, reaching eastward through Corum to the river. Near the crest of Long Hill he built him a house.

Fashion knows no law, but, while it may result from a freak, or fancy, or even a mischance in the weaving, it is sometimes the result of so prosaic a cause as taxes. Queen Anne laid a tax on all two-story houses in the colonies, and the most loyal subject was justified in planning his house-walls to avoid an unnecessary expenditure. This tax gave rise to an architecture graceful and inviting, with long curving roofs sloping evenly from each side of the ridge-pole to the upper line of the first story, thus giving but one story that would count, while the roof covered two or three more. The first house built on Long Hill was of this order, and it was believed that this beautiful level hill-crest, with its outlook across the Sound to the shores of Long Island, would prove a "centre;" but fate, like fashion, takes its own course, and the real centre for this

district developed four miles westward, where the east and west "spraynes" of the Far-Mill River joined their forces at the favorite Indian rendezvous of Acquunkquoke—"high-land."

With this district and centre Daniel was closely identified from the beginning, naming it *Repton*, in memory of his English home, and gathering its able-bodied men under his command as lieutenant of the "train-band," the highest officer the small parish could then sustain, sixty-four men being necessary to allow a captaincy.

Queen Anne died, and the tax-law changed; Daniel's children reaching maturity, a larger house was built almost in touch with the old one, but although both have disappeared, the lilac-bushes still stand by the old stone-wall, and tell the tale of parents and children, of young men and maidens, who lived and loved.

III

THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

In 1728 Daniel died, leaving, besides the widow Elizabeth, two daughters and seven sons. The daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah, were already married. Joseph, the eldest son, having married his second cousin, Mary of Glastonbury, had lifted his roof-tree not far from that of his father, and Daniel Jr., having found his Mary in Fairfield, had been assigned a part of the paternal estate in Corum. In 1733 Thaddeus, the third son, following Joseph's example, won for his queen and consort Esther, the sister of Mary of Glastonbury, and decided to settle on a certain tract of two hundred and sixty acres, a part of his inheritance, lying near Stratford's extreme northern boundary, called the Upper White Hills.

Roads were still few and only an Indian trail led into, and through, this unbroken forest; but, with axe and energy, the trail widened, a site was chosen, a clearing made, the small house built after Queen Anne's fashion took form, and the home in the wilderness was not without comfort. Queen Esther must have borne her lord a large love to be willing to leave the colonial centre for this isolation, and brave natures were those of all who were not deterred from frontier life by thought of the uncertain Indian or prowling wolves.

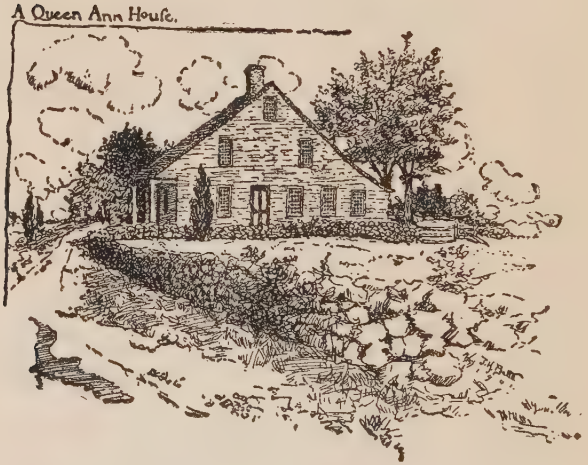
The house was set back about ten rods from the road, the gable end facing it and the south, and a great door opened into the chief room with its wide fireplace and oven. At one side and at the back were other rooms, a staircase led to the half-story above, and adjoining the house, at an angle, was the additional building for the slaves, then a part of so many households. Across the front of the house ran an uncovered porch, two great stones leading from it down to the stretch of meadow that lay between the house and the path out to the world. The land sloped slightly on the western side, giving free

entrance to the cellar, which in its turn had both fireplace and oven.

No other house was in sight, and as neighbors came, one at a mile's distance was counted near. But a man did not mind a long stretch of acres between him and his neighbor if only they were his own acres, and solitude was not then out of fashion. Those were days without hurry, and neither time nor effort was an objectionable factor. Life was busy with its necessities and its primitive limitations; ambition was for the future, not for the present.

Queen Esther loved her liege and her little home, and when a boy was born to them to bear the name of his grandfather Daniel, her heart glowed with pride. And she loved her flower-garden, the lilacs and syringas, and the roses she had brought from her Glastonbury home, the white Star of Bethlehem and bunches of green live-for-ever; and she cherished a root of wormwood, and sweet sicily, and other herbs of value to the medical laity. But among all these children of the soil she loved best her bed of lilies, the large tawny-yellow garden-lily, that sends up from its cluster of narrow, curving

leaves a tall stem, to be crowned with gay blossoms. So, if an Indian came on no more uncomfortable errand than a thirst for cider, and the only wolf's-brush she saw was motionless, life had little cause for fear and much for rejoicing.



IV

QUEEN ESTHER'S HOUSEHOLD

Toil and tool won their way through the forest. The Indian's trail became the white man's highway, and the great trees had other destiny than to be always pointing skyward. The wide chimney-place called them to her burning heart; they must be dressed on the ground where they fell for the great barns that were to be built; and lands afar that lacked them proved their value for export.

Nature scattered her boulders in New England with an unstinting hand; but the rich virgin soil repaid the labor of separation, and the long lines of stone-walls that divide field from field testify to the untiring energy and labor. They are now frosted with beautiful lichens that have spread their starry growth through a hundred and fifty years and more,

and tell to-day's wayfarer of the skill and patience of the hands, white and black, and perhaps red too, though the Indian liked not hard work, that thus put nature in bonds. Field after field lifted a smooth face to the bending skies, till the level hill-tops and sloping hill-sides were checkered with wheat and rye, with flax and barley, with corn and clover; and the barns grew wider and the coffers fuller, while the fulness of content reigned within the little house, as Nature's largess did without.

Although the elder Daniel died in 1728, his estate was not finally divided until after the death of his widow, nearly twenty years later. Daniel had grown in wealth, and as England had laid a restraining hand on manufacturing, land was almost the only investment. His holdings covered large tracts in towns far and near, and he retained a mercantile interest as part owner of the sloop "Indeavor," that flitted between the various colonial ports and the West Indies. His estate inventoried nearly £9000, of which about £1000 was "money out in bonds, principal and interest." Five guns served in the defence and provisioning of the household.

The live-stock comprised 10 horses and mares, 3 colts, 13 cows, 17 calves, 16 oxen, 40 sheep, 5 swine, and 10 pigs, to which may be added 8 slaves, one of whom was an Indian valued at £45.

Although the furnishings of the day included little beyond practical ones, those were in abundance. Coarse earthenware and hollow iron vessels were made early in colonial days; English pewter and brass-ware supplemented these, and the wooden vessels that, made at hand, formed a large part of the household service. Holland supplied the finer linen and blankets. Niceties of dress, English broadcloth with large silver buttons, muslin neck-cloths, all the better clothing and adornments of the women, were of importance and were brought across the seas. Books, as far as obtainable, ever came into the life, and, even although the list shows them as unattractive in their nature as "Arguments between ye Church and Dissentry," "Concerning ye Catechism," "Concerning Quakers," "A Sermon Book," etc., religious subjects being of paramount interest, they were highly valued. But the prize of the small library of two Bibles, two service books, ten bound books and "four-

teen small books with paper covers and without," was the "Great History Book"—Dugdale's History of the Late Troubles in England, 1680, a large folio that Daniel had brought with him from his fatherland, in the carved chest, with the little red morocco and the "guilded" leather trunk-shaped boxes, the delicate steel pipe, and other relics safely harbored on the shores of to-day.

Following the English custom, the eldest son received a double portion, and the "setting out" of the daughters at marriage formed usually the chief part of their allotment. Such division of this estate was gradually made as the needs of the children required. When Daniel died Elizabeth had still five unmarried sons, but within a decade John died; Thaddeus, Samuel, James, and finally Josiah, the youngest, married. According to custom, Josiah remained with his mother, although Elizabeth did not, as was usual, maintain a separate life in part of the old home, but was still mistress-in-chief of the entire house.

Thaddeus's marriage, like that of Joseph, was especially pleasing to her, for Mary and Esther

were of her kindred. They had many common interests, their family home being in touch with the one she left so long ago when Daniel won her youthful allegiance. And when the glad news came that a young Daniel had opened his eyes on the world, neither her threescore and five years nor the rough journey deterred her from hastening to pay her homage, and to hold to her heart this successor to her dear husband's name and lineage.

Thaddeus had inherited one of his father's slaves, an African born, named Cuffee, and Esther's handmaid, Dorcas, had cast her spell over him when, as body-servant, he had accompanied his master to Glastonbury. This pair, duly married, had their place in the wing of Thaddeus's house, and proving themselves trustworthy, as the summer days grew long and the breeze blew soft, they were left in charge for a few days, while the little family made a joyful pilgrimage to the ancestral home. Thaddeus's best pacing-mare being duly saddled and pillioned, the full saddle-bags adjusted, and the last directions given to the darker part of the household, Thaddeus threw himself into the sad-

dle, and then from the porch's end Esther mounted, settled herself well on the pillion, with her feet resting on the little narrow shelf made for their support. Cuffee busied himself making sure that the dark blue pillion-cloth protected her dress from the horse's flank, while Dorcas held the precious baby till all should be in order. Then Esther, receiving him, held him fast and comfortably with her left arm, a dust-cloth of striped linen was carefully tucked about her, and under her feet, and, putting her right arm around her husband's waist, all were ready to start.

The mouse-colored mare paced carefully as if she knew what a precious burden she carried. Thaddeus gave an occasional word of warning that Esther might grip his coat tightly as a rough stretch of road or a steep descent lay before them, turning a happy face over his shoulder when safer ground was reached, and quickening the mare's gait on a long level, laid his hand tenderly over Esther's as she held to him. The baby slept and waked to meet the loving eyes of which he was already so sure. As they passed the occasional houses a friendly

greeting came from open window or door-yard, but Thaddeus did not draw rein until the long eight miles were safely travelled and his responsibility over, as the dear old home he had left for the still dearer small one was outlined against the sky, and his mother at open door, in her second-best black crape gown, with white linen hand-ruffles, muslin apron and cap, waited in welcome. Many hands, white and black, sought to aid in the alighting, to take the young heir from his mother's arms, to carry in the saddle-bags, to remove Esther's light riding-cloak, and to give the mare loving pats and tell her she had brought her valuable burden safely. Joseph and Mary came down the highway with their pair of toddling little girls, brothers and sisters meeting joyfully, while the little ones gazed in awe at the wonderful double-cousin.

So there was joy in all hearts, as there was plenty at the long table, set out with the best Holland napkins, with shining pewter tankards and plates and basons; over the coals in the chafing-dish savory meat was cooking, and flip steaming in the large tankard that a health might be drunk to the new-comer.

The baby Daniel, come to receive the benediction of his grandfather's roof, was praised by the tall uncles, adored by the enthusiastic slaves, and caressed by his grandmother to the delight of his parents, then safely put to sleep under the fine Dutch blankets in the "wainscot" (panelled) bed hung with dimity curtains and valances, in the "great chamber," where a fire was lighted lest some lingering breath of winter might be in hiding. While the brothers, wandering from field to field, or sitting on the wide door-stone, talked their man's talk of land and live-stock, of tax and interest, of church and state, the fire burned low in the deep chimney-place, glinting now and then on the women's gold beads or on the rings on Elizabeth's thin hand, as she and the child of her adoption took sweet counsel, every vision of Esther's for her infant son recalling to the woman whose earthly life was so nearly completed her own young hopes and dreams, and she lifted a grateful heart for the true, manly sons and faithful daughters who arose to call her blessed, proving in themselves that in her widowhood she was blessed.

V

BLACK AND WHITE

The savage side of life was still active. Eye and ear were alert, not only lest the friendliest Indian might become a foe, but also for sign of bear or wolf or "rattler." Courage was always at hand and "on guard," the signal of safety. The seasons waxed and waned, and it was with an ever thankful heart that the young mother sang the lullaby dear to hundreds of thousands that speak the English tongue:

> "Hush! my dear; lie still and slumber,
> Holy angels guard thy bed,
> Heavenly blessings without number
> Gently fall upon thy head."

The baby outgrew his cradle and was promoted to a trundle-bed, and, although no brother or sister was born to him, little Jube (Jubal), the child of Cuffee and Dorcas, was his playmate,

friend, and slave. By the winter fireside, as Esther sat at one end of the chimney-place turning the flax-wheel with her foot and deftly spinning the thread, the two boys, white and black, sat on a bright red rug before the fire, building houses of corn-cobs, and when the summer sun glowed through the branches of the great oak-tree that shaded the house, the large wheel was set on the porch, so that as Esther stepped back and forth, turning the wheel with one hand and holding the rolls of carded wool with the other, her watchful eye kept in sight the children playing on the shady grass. As they grew older, both were called to her side to learn the Lord's Prayer, and from the New England Primer not only the alphabet, but those lessons mystical indeed to the young mind:

"In Adam's fall
We sin-ned all."

"Xerxes did die,
And so must I."

The law of all the New England colonies made early provision for the establishment of schools. Each town was divided, fifty families being re-

quired to make a "district" and to support a "district school." To avoid taxes, the school buildings were placed on the highways, and frequently near cross-roads. The increase of settlers in this part of the great town of Stratford did not call for a school within a moderate distance of Thaddeus's house until Daniel had learned all that the little primer could teach, and could also read from the great Bible, or the Prayer Book, with ease and understanding. The prize of early education was the mother's to bestow, and its value was fully realized.

The clearing of land, the tilling of the soil, and preparing for export the various products, were not the only occupations of the householder. He was hunter also, and royal game awaited the wary and skilful. The blunderbuss proved an effective instrument. Its bore, slightly flaring and well loaded with buckshot, could hit more than one mark among a flock of wild turkeys, whose heads were clustered over carefully scattered corn. And where was the white or dark-skinned boy or man who could not build an ambush of brush and wait patiently, weapon in hand, for the descending flock? Deer also were

decoyed by salt placed at the base of rocks behind which the hunter might safely wait, and wild pigeons in their autumnal flight were caught in a "spring-pole net" so carefully set that when the flock were busy over the kernels of grain, the man or boy concealed behind a breastwork of brush could spring the net over them all. There were quails, and partridges, and gray squirrels, in the native forests, the deep brooks near the river yielded trout, while the river itself was a highway, not only for lesser fish, but for the well-bred shad and even the royal salmon. Nor was the Sound too far to prevent its delicate shell-fish from adding their variety, while its shores lent samphire and wild asparagus to the list of lighter foods that the smooth fields and gardens afforded.

And Daniel grew tall and straight and slim like the young saplings in the sprout-land, a joy and a comfort to those who sought always to set his feet in right paths, while Jube, proud of his young master, faithful and devoted in his service, was ever his right hand.

VI

CHURCH AND MEETING

By the time the years had slipped along the string of the century till fifty were counted, many daring spirits had broken ground and set their dwellings on various hills and in the forests, so shortly before the home of only the native beasts and children. Civilization sent its smoke heavenward and opened shaded places to the light and warmth of sunny skies; the paths were no longer those pressed by tread of moccasin, but the iron-shod horse and ox wore the grass from the soil, and highways that mark the white man threaded the forests and wound between the cultivated fields. But few Indian names remained, the Yankee preferring those more significant to himself.

Repton, or "Ripton," as with supreme indifference to vowel sounds it became, included in

those years a large district, and its principal and central settlement was "the Centre" for all the outlying branches. Like most New England villages, it was clustered about a green, a long narrow triangle in form, which was indeed the very heart of that centre—its discipline, its conscience, its faith. At the northern end—the base of the triangle—stood whipping-post and stocks, a little stretch of green lay between them and the meeting-house, which, on the other side, was separated by a school-house from the church; the church was in an upper corner of the graveyard, the church-people being buried near the walls they loved, the meeting-folk beyond, and the slaves against the farther fence. In fact, this green was an epitome of human life as conceived at that day, starting with total depravity, symbolized in whipping-post and stocks, through school and church, by lesson, prayer, and psalm, down to the grave, the common end of all.

If a bird's-eye view could be vouchsafed of one of those far-away Sunday mornings, it would show a net-work of roads crossing, binding, surrounding, the successions of hills, ridges, and val-

leys, and from the various localities, from Bagburn and Barn Hill, from Moose Hill and Walnut Tree Hill, from Booth's Hill and Long Hill, from Corum and The Landing, from Paul's Pound and Fool's Hatch, from Isinglass and Trap-fall, from Pishponk and Hammertown, from Turkey Roost and Knells' Rocks, from all points of the compass, the face of man and beast turned toward "the Centre." Distances were often great, but Time was then a slave, not a master, and, taken by the forelock, four or six miles of jog-trot or easy pacing might well be accomplished. The meeting-house was a plain, barrack-like structure in exterior, but the interior, with its large square pews, was not uninviting. The pulpit was high, with a sounding-board above it, and the deacon's seat below, before which was an adjustable shelf serving for the communion table. The pews had very high backs, showing only the heads of the occupants, and with seats on the four sides. The seat next the aisle was short, being broken by the door, and the one facing the pulpit being naturally the seat of honor, the other side seat and that with the back to the pulpit were the

last to be occupied. As the feeble and aged naturally sought support when standing during the long prayer, the custom arose of turning from the pulpit in order to rest the hand on the back of the seat.

The choir occupied the middle gallery, seats being assigned to the slaves in the side galleries, men and women sitting on different sides.

The church was also an unpretentious building, nearly square, with a bell-tower and pointed windows. The pews and galleries were like those in the meeting-house, and the pulpit was the very high " three-decker " with reading-desk below it, and the altar below that. In both houses of worship the music was led by a chorister, who, having found the key in which the chant or psalm was to be sung, sounded the note on his wooden pitch-pipe, then, those singing the different parts being properly grouped, with a bow to each set of men-singers and women-singers, he gave to each the desired note for air, counter, bass, and tenor; then all sounded their individual notes in unison, and *then* started the psalm for the congregation to follow. The pitch-pipe remained in use till the tuning-fork

was invented, that giving place early in this century to a bassoon in the church, and a bass-viol in the meeting-house, until organs supplanted both.

The sermon was the chief intellectual feast of the time, and some of those that have reached the hand of to-day are written on a score or less of small pages, 4x6 inches in size, stitched together with a thread of linen or of blue yarn—mere headings for discourses that must have held their hearers through a long hour. It was an age of thought, not of research, and the preacher, however great his power, or loved in person, must recognize the fact that a jury of deep-thinking hearers would sit in judgment upon any tinge of unorthodoxy, any letting-up on doctrine or pulling-down of standard; that the word spoken must be like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

The mind of the day was argumentative. Each man thought his own thoughts and longed to measure them with others. So much manual employment gave opportunity for reflection, and the comparative isolation made argument, when opportunity offered, natural and welcome. The

Sunday sermons were the event of the week, and the legitimate subjects for comment, for criticism or approval. A knotty point was a kernel for meditation and discussion, and woe to the preacher who imagined his people napping when he tripped in a statement!

Women and men were alike interested in these subjects, for, although the New England ministers, who were really the public educators, had, since the days of Anne Hutchinson's defiance, discouraged the instruction of women in more than reading and writing, their minds, as alert and interested as those of the men, were not a whit behind in their measure and judgment. And it was this absorbing interest in sacred things, this centering of the mind on questions pertaining to eternity, that gave to them, as Emerson said, "that refinement which no education and no habit of society can bestow, that delicacy and grandeur of bearing which belong to a mind accustomed to celestial conversation." "Beauty cannot be separated from the eternal."

VII

THE SUNDAY OUTING

The Church had had a hard struggle to gain a foothold in the New England colonies. The Churchman as well as the Puritan was moved by the spirit of adventure—"the vent which Destiny offers"—and to prove the promise of gain in a new country. That the Puritan brought with him, to exercise toward the Baptist, the Quaker, the Churchman, the same spirit of intolerance from which he fled, was part of humanity's circumference and sure to appear as the wheel turned. The Churchman accepted the situation, taking his children to the meeting-house for baptism, and joining the Half-way Covenant, until the keenest edge of Puritanism had been worn down and he was allowed to build and to worship according to his desires. But a barrier remained. Church-folk

and meeting-folk drew apart, though the gulf was often bridged by matrimonial alliances, marriage, whether resulting from a random shot or a nice adjustment of the balances, being always a leveller of distinctions.

The Church which the elder Daniel was instrumental in planting in Ripton grew in power, his children to the third and fourth generations being blessed by its offices, serving also in turn among its chief supporters. Its first permanent rector, the Rev. Christopher Newton, having gone to England in 1755, as all must at that time, to receive Episcopal ordination, lived out a long life among his flock, and the meeting-house had, for over fifty years, in the Rev. Jedediah Mills, no less saintly or beloved a pastor.

There seems an irony of fate in the fact that, despite Puritan prejudice, in part of Connecticut at least, a custom obtained for several generations of calling the Church clergyman "parson" and the one at the meeting-house "priest." The cause is unsolved, but "Parson Newton" and "Priest Mills" were familiar terms of those far-off years.

The regular church-rate was two pence on the

pound of the individual's tax-list, or its equivalent in any of the necessaries of living at their market value. A minister's saddle-bags might bring home from a parochial visit part of a parishoner's dues in cheese or vegetables, or a load of hickory wood left at his door served a like purpose. Mr. Mills's salary was at first fifty pounds a year, "to be increased as the society became able to do so." In 1800 the salary of the rector of the Episcopal church was fixed at "one hundred pounds lawful money and forty loads of wood."

Fierce must be the elements or decided the physical weakness that diverted master or mistress, child or slave, from the Sunday outing. And save under stress of storm, those living beyond the Centre found the journey itself not devoid of interest. The jog-trot by a neighbor's side, the chance meetings at cross-roads which might hold charm for the young people, the easy canter to overtake the sturdy farmer with a demure damsel behind him on a pillion, who was recognized from afar; the lagging behind, whether a-foot or a-horseback, as the hill-road and its riders were plainly seen; the chance, un-

trammelled by one's own affairs, to measure those of others, the fields of grain, the cord-wood piled, the house a-building; and from many a turn in the various roads a glimpse far or near of the blue Sound and the white shore of Long Island, with sometimes a whiff of salt-breeze as if the scudding sails had sent it. There were greetings before the church-porch, assiduous assisting to alight at the convenient horse-block, and subdued chuckles as the negroes flashed their eyes in recognition. Then in the solemn hours of service, though children might fidget and tithing-men be active in keeping lawless spirits restrained, priest and parson were paramount, teaching, leading, inspiring attentive souls, fervent themselves and rousing fervor in others.

The churches were cold, but the theology, especially in the meeting-house, was hot. "Coal-scuttle bonnets" and foot-stoves had not "come in." The women all wore hoods, thicker or thinner according to season, which were thrown back during the service. In the church the collection was received on pewter plates reserved for the purpose; in the meeting-house

the deacons spread their bandanna handkerchiefs over their tall hats and received therein the alms of the faithful.

The Sunday nooning for those who came from far, with generous luncheon baskets always carried on the left arm of *paterfamilias* as he sat in the saddle, was spent in winter before a fire in the "Sabba-day house," directly back of the meeting-house, or in summer beneath the primeval oak standing on the green, whose wide branches could shelter threescore or more, or wandering in the churchyard among graves old and new.

To Thaddeus and his small family the Sunday journey was ever welcome, for the assured meeting of brothers and their wives, whose homes lay eight or ten rough miles apart, was a joyful anticipation. And the widow Elizabeth in her old age could sometimes see from her place in the square pew every one of the dear sons with their good wives, Joseph and Mary his wife, Daniel and Mary his wife, Thaddeus and Esther, Samuel and Abigail, James and Anna, while by her side were Josiah, her youngest born, and Eunice his wife, with their little Charity.

The service over, there were happy greetings and much interchange of news of each other's welfare, counsel to be asked of the wiser mothers, and tidings of far-off friends and kindred, and often in the long summer days Thaddeus, with Esther behind him and little Daniel astride a small pillow laid in front of the saddle, made a happy trio to join the family dinner at one of the other houses, ere they took the longer road home before the twilight.

VIII

WHEN THE HEIR CAME OF AGE.

In 1756 young Daniel came of age, a very tall and very slim youth, with the dark hair and gray eyes of his race showing from under the beaver hat which was the badge of manhood. For that day he was well educated, his mother's teaching being supplemented by the instruction of the winter terms at the district school during several years, and he had struggled alone during long winter evenings with Ward's "The Young Mathematician's Guide, in 5 Parts, Arithmetick Vulgar and Decimal with all the useful Rules, and a General Method of Extracting the Roots of all Single Powers. Algebra or Arithmetick in Species; wherein the Method of Raising and Resolving Æquations is rendered Easy. Also the Business of Interest and Annuities performed by the Pen. The Elements of Geome-

try Contracted and Analytically Demonstrated; Conick Sections. The Arithmetick of Affinities Explained and rendered easy. With an appendix of Practical Guaging."

He delighted also in Martin's Grammar of Philosophy that taught in Rollo-book fashion, by dialogue, "The Present State of Experimental Physiology or Natural Philosophy in 4 Parts. Somatology, Cosmology, Aerology, and Geology," the book being well illustrated, its subjects covering the animal kingdom, the celestial bodies, the muscular processes, the diatonic scale, and others, with touches like the following:

"Pray, *Sir*, what do you mean by Electricity?"

"A certain kind of attractive Faculty peculiar to some Bodies, as Amber, Jet, Sealing Wax, Glass, etc., whose Particles are such that being greatly rarified and agitated (by the Heat occasioned by *attrition* or Rubbing of them) they fly off to a certain small Distance, but not beyond the Sphere of the Body's *Attraction;* and therefore by this Attraction they are obliged to return again to their old Quarters." A note ex-

plains further that " Electricity consists of fine invisible Effluvia supposed to be of an unctuous or oily Nature, which are excited by Attrition," and experiments with a glass-tube are given, explaining also that " *Tersion* or Wiping is also necessary as well as Attrition to procure Electricity; for this frees the Pores for the better emission of the Effluvia. If the Fingers be moved nimbly near the Tube, as if you meant to strike it in a direction perpendicular to its axis, the Effluvia will be heard to snap against the Fingers, or against the Tube, like the Crackling of a green Leaf in the Fire, but not so loud."

For the laws of speech, that period, as did nearly all the century, showed much indifference, and had not the great Lord Bacon said that English was an unfit vehicle to bear a scholar's work to posterity? Spelling was phonetic, for which each man might formulate his own system—or systems—as spelling *Indian*, " Injun," to-day, was no reason why it might not be " Ingen " or even " Ingon " to-morrow. " Cichon " served sometimes for *kitchen*, " A Par of Soels for his Shouse " was readily understood, and even proper names were subject to varia-

tions. Grammar, never taught in the district-schools until the latter part of the century, suffered also from too many standards of usage, and those who would attain the purest ideal were hampered by the contagion of customs less exact.

Daniel was learned also in the practical side of life. He could direct all labor required by the soil and its products, and, if necessary, set his own hand to the work, and he had a keen sense of the value of what the land produced, proving the recompense of the colonial commerce. Every large land-holder of the day was not a mere farmer, but a man of affairs; he was exporter and importer as well as agriculturist, and, in a small degree, merchant also. The owner of wide acres could accommodate a smaller neighbor with grain for seed, or grinding, and his slaves might be hired by the day, as might also his "five-cattle team" (two yokes of oxen and a horse) for drawing timber, or his "jade" (mare) to go to mill. And, taking advantage of the colonists' chief pecuniary benefit, the West India trade, by which alone hard cash came to the colonies—England keeping the bal-

ance of trade on her side in the exchange of American products for her own manufactures, and imports from other countries—he could afford to import a hogshead of rum or of molasses, and would he not willingly dispense it to his neighbors by quart or gallon? Trouble never entered into the consideration; and when one man killed a calf, a sheep, or a "critter" (beef), he divided the fresh meat with his neighbor, who in turn divided with him. A lone widow must have her garden ploughed and other heavy work done by his slaves. For many of these accounts the daily tally was kept in chalk, on the dark side of the door at the head of the cellar stairs, but all sooner or later were recorded in the long narrow account-books, that, having safely floated down the stream of years, testify in their fashion to much of the daily life. In many instances the accounts were kept in one book, for both parties, the "Dr." and "Contra" pages facing, where the blacksmith's account for shoeing horses and oxen, for making tires and hinges, "puling a tuth" (tooth) or "up-seting a Ax" is set against bushels of turnips, of corn or wheat, hours of labor, etc., with an occasional balancing,

giving "resete in full for all aCompts from the Beginning of the World to this day," duly signed by both parties. Sometimes an entry reads—"Then reckoned with A. B. and ballanced all aCompts from the beginning of the World to this Day and find there is Due me Seven Shillings and Six Pence as witness our hands"; or "Compared books with Jonas Peck and witness our hands":—signed by both parties.

Thaddeus had largely increased his acres, clearing wide tracts, which rendered a return of sure value for export. Civilization held more and more in its hand for the pioneers in this wilderness. Tea had come into use, and the tiny China tea-cups were dear to every woman's heart, and Esther had her share of everything furnished by the stores in Ripton and by those of Derby and New Haven.

Daniel, the son of her love and pride, was of age. Marriage was desirable, but there were heart-burnings lest his choice be not to her mind. Rank, though unnamed, was none the less a reality, but even princes had been known to wed unwisely. Thaddeus and she had long before

decided upon his start in life. Esther herself had chosen the site for the great house that should be built for this their darling and their only heir. On the crest of a hill commanding a far outlook north, and east, and south, was a wide plateau, flanked east and south by a rocky breastwork. It was about half a mile from their own home, the road winding through a grove, despoiled of its heavy timber but shaded with young birches and maples, with oaks and chestnuts, and leading past green meadows and well-tilled fields.

Esther cast an anxious or an interested glance at this or that maiden to whom her son showed some courtesy, or whose society he sought. Once they had made a memorable journey, she on pillion behind her tall son, to her dear old home in Glastonbury, hoping, as in her own case, that the young man's fancy might see in some fair kinswoman an irresistible charm. But his heart lay deep, and no glance or word stirred it, until he neared his twenty-second year. Then, despite that potent factor in match-making, "the mighty goddess of propinquity," and the fact that novelty charms but custom endears, despite the power of adjoining acres in tightening

bonds, it was not a maiden of the hill-country but one down in Stratford village, a small, fair, seventeen-year-old Mary that held the power. So he bent himself before her, and sued for the prize; and her hand was placed in his, and her love and fealty sworn, and the foundations were laid for the great house, while Mary embroidered her wedding finery and the elder people held conclave over the plenishing.

IX

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE

Ambition's hour had arrived. In the necessities of the pioneer, it is first the axe, then the saw-mill. In 1725, two of Stratford's prominent citizens received permission from the General Court at Hartford to erect a saw-mill on the Half-Way River, which separated the northern part of this far-reaching township from its neighbor, Newtown. This mill was soon supplemented by another, on the "nere sprayne" of the Far-Mill River, which, from its source in a swamp among these upper hills, quickly gained power and volume sufficient to turn a wheel. The increase of householders brought skilful workmen to the hill-tops, and the time had come when fancy could have play in panel and moulding, in curves and turnings, for although the reigning fashion made the exterior of even this

great house neither graceful nor attractive, in the interior at least the practical might be supplemented by the ornamental.

So, the cellar being dug and foundations laid, the great chimney, twelve feet square at its base, grew like an obelisk from those depths, out above the line of earth, overlooking it, and reaching upward toward the skies.

The timbers for the house had been cut and dressed in the forest. The house was set close to the ground, the foundation-walls reaching just above the greensward, and on them were placed the foot-square oak-sills, bearing at least two centuries of endurance in their fibre. At the corners square beams stood upright, these being held by the line of "girths" at the next story, and others again by the "plates" that marked the line of the garret-floor, from which the rafters would reach the ridge-pole. It was a "plank-house," as were all of that period, the sides being made entirely of wide planks, two inches thick, standing upright side by side.

The raising of a house was a function at which all friends and neighbors "assisted" in two senses of the word, for the skill and strength

of many hands were required to raise and set in place the heavy beams and planks, and to drive the wooden pins "home" with promptness and precision. The upright planks were usually but the length of one story, being fastened to sill and girth, and a second length to girth and plate, but this house of houses bore in its giant skeleton some planks that reached from ground to ridge-pole, thirty feet at least, and the muscle of young manhood, white and black, was put to the test.

There was feasting, with merry-making, cider and "winkum" and Santa Cruz rum, that passed from hand to hand in tankard and pint-pot, with "raising-cake" and other appropriate viands in limitless supply. And there were women and men, old and young, to tender a hearty greeting and well-wishing. For it was known that the land was staked, and the deed would soon be drawn, and the wedding-day but waited for the finishing of the work so bravely begun.

The house raised and planked was further finished, first by filling all possible cracks between the planks with mortar and then clapboarded. Inside, laths, riven by hand from oak timber,

were nailed to the planks with hand-made nails. The chimney grew taller and taller, with well-planned flues that promised comfort. Shell-lime for the mortar was brought up the steep road from Stratford, and plasterers left white walls. The joiner placed the fine panelled partitions, the mantel-pieces with fluted pilasters and curving shelves, pretty wooden cornices around all the best rooms, and flutings in accord on window and door casings. And there were built cupboards in odd places, around the great chimney, and under the staircases; for, although closets for hanging up clothing had hardly been dreamed of, in shelves without number behind doors of glass, or panel, the house was triumphant.

The barns were built also, opening on the highway, and reaching out long, sloping roofs to cover a full harvest. The wells were dug, one, under cover of the house, an "up-and-down," the rope passing over a large wooden wheel, and bearing one bucket; the other near the barn, with the long "sweep" balanced at its earthly end by a large stone.

The plan of the house varied little from most

of its style. The front-door faced the south, thus bringing a gable-end to the highway at the west, and it was set back from the road about twenty feet. The front-door swung on long hinges, and across its top were set five square panes of glass that let in the sunlight on the pretty winding staircase. The "living-room," "one rod square," opened on the right from the short hall or entry, and between it and the chimney was the fine panelled partition reaching over the mantel-piece and across that side of the room. A door led into the long kitchen and another into the bed-room, the invariable apartment of master and mistress.

From the left of the entry opened the other front room, the parlor, also one rod square, with plastered walls, fine mouldings and panellings, and with a door opening toward the road; from the room at the rear of this a similar panelled door led outward also.

The long kitchen was always one of the most important rooms in the house. The opening of the fireplace was nine feet wide and five feet high, its sloping sides leaving room for a four-foot log at the back, and near their outer edge,

a place for seats, the delight of the children of the household.

Beyond the bedroom the house reached out an L for the butt'ry and pantries; corresponding to it, at the other side of the rear of the house, was the " end kitchen." Between these two the large kitchen-door opened, leading over the flat doorstone to the garden that blossomed between the house and barns.

Wide and deep and high, the house finally stood complete. The window-panes reflected the light of the rising and setting sun; hinge and latch and lock were in place, and a bright red paint, with white for the window-sashes, and all the outer doors painted green, made it fitting to welcome a bride.

A low fence of flat pickets divided the door-yard from the highway; in it two gates opened, one showing the way over the grass to the front door, the other, leading by a row of stones scarcely a foot wide, so narrow that a maiden's tread would barely escape the morning dew, to one of the green doors facing the road.

The deed of gift was duly drawn, signed, and recorded: " Know all men by these presents,

that I . . . for the consideration of the love and affection I bear my son, . . . a certain tract of land, with the house and buildings thereon . . . beginning at the highway near my present house, at a crotched walnut-tree with a stone laid in the crotch, running easterly . . . to a group of chestnut spires, then south . . . to a pepperidge tree, then west . . . to a heap of stones by a poplar pole, then north . . . to the crotched walnut-tree . . . to him and his heirs forever."

X

THE HOUSEHOLD PLENISHING

The furnishing was, in great measure, the part of the bride's parents, and constituted her dower. It was generous for the times, usually amounting with people of the best class to £200, and the record proves that blue-eyed Mary did not go to the great house empty handed.*

Stratford furnished a good cabinet-maker, and, although fashion changed there less frequently than in the larger towns, where the influence of competition and direct communication with England produced more elaborate articles, yet the well-seasoned wild-cherry, carefully worked, made furnishings that remain a prize even in modern life. For London pewter and brass-ware, Holland linen, chintz for "curtins," and "costly" coverlids, as well as "Cheaney-Tea-

* Appendix 297.

Dishes," Mary's father sent by the renowned Captain Stephen Burroughs — accomplished mathematician and astronomer as well as navigator—who sailed with such regularity as wind and wave would permit, from a safe harbor in the Pequonnock River (now within the city of Bridgeport) for Boston, New York and other ports, and whose ability in exchanging colonial products into money, and investing it with good taste, was to be trusted. And he must carry also a certain amount of current coin to be converted into spoons and "tea-tongs," cream-pot and tankard, by Paul Revere's father, or some other silversmith.

Captain Burroughs had a still more responsible position to fill, as materials for the wedding-garments must come from the great seaport, and his commission was for blue satin damask for the bride's gown, with slippers in harmony, belt ribbons, white silk stockings, and long white silk gloves; and there must be store of velvet and poplin and gauze, of flowered calico from India, and russet and drugget and other woolen stuffs, besides lace, and a fan, and such accessories. Nor did Thaddeus fail to secure these

important services for the bridegroom, whose suit required imported broadcloth, with buckram to line the skirts that they might stand out bravely, skeins of silk, and sticks of twist and hair for the button-holes, shalloon for lining, and four dozen silver buttons to shine like stars, gay brocade for a vest, white silk stockings, new knee and shoe buckles, and above all, the wedding-ring.

The house-linen was largely home-made, "linen" always signifying that, while "holland" meant whatever was imported. Home-made table-cloths were of diaper patterns, two widths, a yard wide, sewed together. Holland furnished the better ones. Hollow iron and earthen ware were of colonial manufacture, and the local cooper and wood-worker supplied the necessary pails, tubs, churns, bowls, trays, and trenchers.

There were unwritten laws regarding the furnishing, for custom, while assigning to the damsel the supply of beds and bedding, even to the curtains and valances, decreed to the lord of the manor the duty of procuring the bedsteads themselves, and Daniel likewise provided the tall

clock that measured the hours from its corner of the living-room; a desk with drawers below the slanting top, and a well-concealed secret compartment; a " great chair " for his own use, and the " great Bible " with the Book of Common Prayer bound in the front, and a small commentary at the back, while between the several divisions were blank pages to be covered, as years swept by, with records of births, marriages, and deaths.

Like all maidens of the day, Mary had accumulated in her linen-chest a store of necessaries, having spun the flax and wool, and there was now added such quantity as completed a proper " setting-out." Her pride had vent also in the fine embroideries that colonial dames and maidens, like those of all ages, loved. Neck-handkerchiefs and ruffles were wrought with marvellous stitches, and a long band of fine white linen was worked with many soft-colored crewels, in a trailing pattern of vines, flowers, and butterflies, that would make the petticoat it was to border the envy of all beholders. And when the stitches were all set, and the wedding-day arrived, where could be found a braver bride and bridegroom?

Daniel's claret-colored broadcloth coat, stiff of skirt, deep of cuff, and bright with two long rows of silver buttons, a long vest of green brocade, and the richness of velvet breeches; white silk stockings, large silver buckles on the low shoes, and powdered hair, braided and tied at the neck with a ribbon; while Mary in the blue damask gown that shaded to match her eyes, belted by a white ribbon strewn with peacock feathers woven in gold thread, and a narrower ribbon of the same pattern to band her fair locks, gold beads about her white throat, and on her pretty feet white silk stockings and high-heeled, sharply-pointed slippers of blue, brocaded with pink rosebuds—made a bride fit for the sun to shine on.

And Thaddeus in a blue coat, heavy with the great silver buttons of the elder Daniel, did honor to the occasion, while Esther renewed her youth, as she took her place among the guests in the bravery of a new silk crape gown, with a lace-trimmed lawn kerchief, and the twist of her hair held by a silver " hair-peg."

Wedding festivities were usually prolonged several days, that all one's acquaintances might

be able to offer their good wishes, and the bride always remained at her own home, even if it were for months, until the bridegroom's house should be ready.

No one felt the responsibility of the wedding preparations more than the faithful Jube, and his own importance was sensibly increased, as it proved to be his wedding-season also. Having observed " the weather-signs of love " in his master, and soon learning which of the young colored women would be assigned to Mary on her marriage, he began to look upon the dusky damsel as his rightful property, and made plans for his own marriage which were heartily seconded by master and mistress. So, on the day when the removal to the hill-top was to be made there was again a flurry of wedding-breezes, and, standing in the long kitchen of Mary's old home, the vows of Jube and 'Mandy were plighted.

To take from the valley, to a height so much nearer the sky, the heavy furniture of the day, with no better conveyance than the two-wheeled ox-cart, required care and skill. Hay and straw supplied packing, but the roads were rough and

rocky and the pitches steep and crooked. The transport was, however, finally accomplished, the great chests of drawers, *pièces de résistance* indeed, the tall clock, the high-backed chairs, the linen chests and the various tables were, with many a "Haw!" and "Gee!" at last in place.

The last load was driven by Jube, with his bride perched among the tubs and pails and big brass kettles. Dorcas, with her own share of pride, welcomed them and kissed her daughter-in-law, while Esther watched from the south window of the best front room, looking over a bunch of the white Star of Bethlehem she had placed in a shining pewter pint-pot on the window-sill, for the first sign of her dear children as they came down the road.

Thus the household gods were set in order and the fire lighted on the altar of a new hearth-stone, and faith and love poised their wings in benediction over the new life, the new home and family.

The days drifted into weeks, and the coming and going of seasons found the new house a centre of happiness, of duties, of out-going life and power, and of interior comfort. By the time

the year had swung around another voice was lifted under the roof, for a young Thaddeus opened his eyes upon them, and parents and grandparents rejoiced. Then a brother was born to him, little Benjamin, and Esther's yearning heart leaped as she, the mother of but one child, said "A troop cometh!" And so it proved, for the years made a brave record, as these two were followed by Jeremiah, Esther, Gershom, William, Isaiah, Gloriana, and Victory.

Gloriana, born in 1771, received a name of note, for early in that year, down in Stratford village, a blacksmith's young daughter, the beautiful Gloriana Folsom, had been wooed and won by a travelling stranger, Mr. John Stirling, no less a personage than the son of a Scotch baronet, on the death of whom, twenty years later, the son succeeding to the title, Gloriana became the Baroness Stirling.* This marriage caused a great commotion in the little sea of Stratford life, and the baby born on the hill-top was dowered with the name of the great beauty.

The name of *Victory* had a meaning even be-

* Orcutt's "History of Old Stratford."

yond Gloriana's, or of those elder ones who bore ancestral honors, it being that of a cousin whose baptism is thus recorded:

"On the 8th of September, 1760, Montreal, Mackinac, Detroit, and all other places within the government of Canada were surrendered to his 'Britannic Majesty,' and the long French war came to an end. On a Sunday morning soon after, as an infant was being carried to the meeting-house at Ripton for baptism, and to receive a name that had been borne by one of the elder members of the family, a courier from the back settlements on the Hudson came riding up, waving a white flag, and shouting 'Victory! Victory! Victory!' For a moment he drew rein at the steps of the meeting-house, while he told the pastor, the Rev. Jedediah Mills, and the people, the story of the great victory of the English. To every one who heard it the tidings seemed as if from death to life.

"When the courier had vanished, to carry the news to the next town, the congregation gathered in the meeting-house for worship and thanksgiving, but before these could proceed the child must be baptized. The aged minister, dip-

ping his hand in the water, and placing it on the child's forehead, forgot apparently the family name it was to bear, and said, 'Victory, I baptize thee.'"

XI

SUPPLYING THE FAMILY NEEDS

In these days of rapid transit and easy intercommunication, it is hard to realize the life lived on the upper hills, when intercourse with the world was obtained only by toiling over rough roads, and waiting for uncertain breezes to fill the sails of small sloops and schooners, that, from river and Sound landings made their way from one port to another. This isolation, however, gave character to the life. Every house was not only its own centre, but almost its own circumference. A man's acres must supply fuel, food, and clothing, and his increase of revenue came from the sale of his surplus. The great body of the colonists were "planters," or agriculturists perforce; the few professional men, merchants, and seamen left a large residue

whose energies England confined to the cultivation of land, and the development of the wilderness. The needs of a family that imply handiwork were supplied by a method called "whipping-the-cat," craftsmen of various trades doing the required work from house to house. Every well-to-do householder had a shoemaker's bench and tools; the heavier leather was tanned and dressed on his own premises, and he bought, through Captain Burroughs or some one else, the finer grades. So the shoemaker came and made shoes for all the family, from master to slave; the tailor came and made the clothing, the cooper came to do the necessary "hooping" and repairs; and the ox-carts, ploughs and other farm implements were made and mended by those trained in the work, who, for the time being, were members of the family.

Flax, grown and dressed through a long process of rotting, drying, crackling, swingling, and hetcheling, was finally ready for spinning, the tow also, a heavier fibre of the same product, being of use for coarse articles. Wool sheared from a man's well-washed sheep was carded at home, until carding-mills were established to

prepare it for the trained hands that spun it. Nearly all large houses had a weaving-room, and a weaver came to sit before the loom, and turn into yards of cloth the threads already spun. Woolen cloths were sent to a fulling-mill to be fulled and dressed, but the linen was bleached at home, being well sprinkled, as it lay on the grass under the May sun, first with weak lye and then with water, several times daily.

The accessories of a large house were many. In addition to the slaves' house were the smoke-house, where hams and sides of bacon, tongues and long strips of beef would gain sweetness, and be preserved for the winter's use; the long wood-piles and sheds; and the great caboose kettle, an immense iron pot set in a stone framework, with place for a fire beneath it, wherein certain foods for pigs and young cattle were prepared, soap was made, etc. And lye, so important for the yearly bleaching and soap-making, was obtained by placing a barrel, whose bottom was well perforated by auger-holes, on a framework over a tub, the barrel being partly filled with ashes from the hearth, on which water was poured to trickle slowly through them.

Everything was at hand and of use; nothing was wasted or destroyed. Idleness on the part of master or mistress, child or slave, was not countenanced; it was disreputable. And this life, with its limited horizon, its necessities, inventions and peculiar opportunities, bred a high degree of individualism, and—as extremes meet —the same sort of independence that is a mark of the cosmopolitan, self-consciousness being bred in the atmosphere of small towns, as self-satisfaction is in small cities.

With this individualism, the principle of "live and let live" made part of the duty to one's neighbor, but simple and direct as the life was, it was also interdependent. Not, however, the complex modern net-work, when, no matter how earnest and straightforward the start, it is sure to be seized, knotted, and turned aside, now by the thin thread of a social fad, now by the heavier weight of a world-wide power; but each life was a thread in a cable, and when the call to arms came, it was that straightforward purpose, that sense of individual responsibility, though standing shoulder to shoulder, each one acting as if he were the whole, that gave the untrained

militia a power far beyond that of men who fear to step until they have fitted their feet to their neighbors' footsteps.

XII

THE DAILY LIFE

In 1773 the child of a few days old was taken on the Sunday following his birth, as all his brothers and sisters had been, to the church at Ripton to be received "into the congregation of Christ's flock," and be signed "with the sign of the cross," by the Rev. Christopher Newton, and to be given his cousin's name, Victory. As Daniel presented the child at the altar, on which was placed a bright pewter basin to serve as a font, the group of children, from young Thaddeus, who had reached the mature age of fifteen years, down to little four-year-old Isaiah, made a brave showing, standing in the large family pew, hushed and awesome, even more than was their wont in the sacred edifice. And the lesson of the service was still further impressed on their young hearts, as at the hour of family prayer the

thanksgiving from the office of the morning, "We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee to regenerate *these children* with Thy Holy Spirit, and to receive *them* for Thine own *children* by adoption and grace, and to incorporate *them* into Thy Holy Church," was added to the customary supplications.

The service of family worship was held immediately after supper. The family being assembled in the living-room—Daniel in his "great chair" before the fire at one side of the candle-stand, which stood opposite the centre of the fireplace, and Mary in her "Ottoman chair," a lower arm-chair, at the other side of the small table, with the youngest child in her lap, the others in their seats by the wide chimney, and the slaves standing in the long kitchen with the communicating door open—the master of the house read a chapter from the Bible, and then, all standing, he read the prayers, or from a mind well stored with petitions from the beautiful liturgy, "made" intercession and thanksgiving befitting the day, and then all, white and black, repeated in unison the Lord's own prayer.

And often, before the younger children were tucked away in their trundle-beds, they were shown the illustrations in the big Bible, sometimes calling the little darkies to share the pleasure, and were told the stories, ever old, ever new.

"Grace before meat" was said standing, and those children too large to be held in a mother's lap at table, but not large enough to eat comfortably from the ordinary chairs, stood during the meals. The table was set in the living-room, the large round pewter platters, the quart, two-quart and gallon basins, and the plates, making the dinner service, and as the pewter was kept shining like silver, the table bore an air of luxury not always realized now. Pewter pint-pots and smaller mugs and tumblers were the drinking vessels, salt-cellars were of the same brilliant metal, and a pepper-pot might be also, or possibly of delft. Porringers with pretty handles served the little children; spoons of pewter and silver were used. Wooden trenchers had their places; forks had come in fashion, as Ben Jonson said "to the sparing o' napkins," although the custom of holding a ham-bone, or a

leg of mutton with a napkin while carving, serving the meat from the point of the carver, was not entirely abandoned. Cider, or beer, brewed at home from malt from a convenient malt-house, were the usual beverages, with milk for the little children. Tea was still a luxury, and for state occasions, while coffee and chocolate, common at the seaports, rarely reached the hill country.

Meats were boiled, pot-roasted, or baked in the great oven, and sometimes roasted before the fire, hanging from a hook on the under-side of the mantel-shelf, a pan being set on the hearth to catch the dripping; for viands requiring a short baking there was an iron "bake-pan" on long legs, that could be pushed into the fire, and under its cover, which was heaped with coals, biscuits or a loaf of cake baked quickly. The skillet, a small iron or brass kettle on long legs, with a stiff horizontal handle, served for such matters as would require a modern sauce-pan, its legs permitting it to stand among the burning coals, and by the fire stood a trivet, a three-legged brass or iron frame about a foot high—called sometimes out of New England a

"footman"—on which could be placed anything it was desired to keep hot.

Flat-irons were heated over coals placed in an iron box set on a frame, or the iron itself held a movable compartment in which coals were put. A great iron kettle with its supply of hot water, hung ever by a pothook from the crane.

Tin-ware was confined to a few pieces; funnels, colanders, canisters, and an occasional pan or cover. Milk was kept for short periods in bowls turned from the white bass-wood of the forests, but large earthen milk-pans served a better purpose. Butter was largely made in June, being laid down with a sprinkling of white sugar grated from the sugar-loaf, between the layers. Cheese was made in the hotter weather, when keeping a quantity of milk sweet without ice was impossible, and an ice-house had not been imagined. For cheese, as for butter, there was a never-ending market demand. A fall product, in addition to grains, vegetables, and fruits, was cider, of which no less than thirty barrels must stand in the cellar, a portion also to be converted into cider-brandy, well named,

locally, "*winkum*," as its first noticeable effect is on the eyes; (a barrel of cider making three gallons and the distiller taking one gallon as his "toll"). Four or six beeves and six or eight hogs must be killed, and turned into smoked beef and tongues, hams, bacon, salt-beef and salt-pork, souse and sausages. Potatoes were still scarce, buckwheat had not yet much hold on American soil, but the fields, gardens and orchards offered large variety, and not only the coast towns, but the West Indies also made a sure market for whatever could be spared of the soil's products or of live-stock, and for this purpose Daniel built a large storehouse on a very fertile island in the centre of Pine Swamp, from which export might be made according to season.

Broom-corn was practically unknown, and carpets, except in great houses by the sea-board, almost as much so. An occasional rug found place, but the floors were usually liberally sprinkled with white sea-sand, that on the "out-rooms" being swept lightly in fanciful patterns by brooms made of corn-husks, fine hemlock twigs, sweet-fern branches, or splintered

white birch sticks, the making of which is said to have been learned from the Indian. The sand served to keep the floors clean, absorbing all soil from "Soels of Shouse," and was frequently swept up, sifted, and used again.

The every-day dress was simple; short gowns and petticoats were of home-made woolens, and striped or "chekard" linens, "four and four" (threads to the check) or linsey-woolsey, two threads of linen to one of wool, this latter material making an apron not in danger of burning, when, in cooking, one bent over the open fire.

The children's clothing was all of homespun flax or wool, and even the boys' caps were made in the house. Men's shirts were of linen and flannel, and for their outer garments, homespun cloth fulled at the fulling-mill, and occasionally a little imported broadcloth, must be ready for the itinerant tailor. The slaves' clothing must also be provided—tow-cloth and the rougher fabrics. Leather breeches served master and man for rough usage, but castor or beaver, with silver buttons, was finer wear for the gentleman.

For knitting stockings of woolen or linen

" yarns," for mittens and tippets also, the wheels must spin steadily, and the threads for weaving, after being dyed, were made ready for the weaver by the twirling of the " quill-wheel," by which they were wound on short pieces of goose-quills, that would fit in the shuttle.

The dyes were largely made from imported woods and indigo, but the native witch-hazel bark made gray, butternut bark and roots the yellow-brown butternut color, and the blue paper that covered the white sugar-loaves gave a fine purple. The " clouded " yarn was produced by tying rags irregularly about the skeins, before putting them in the dye-pot, which prevented the dye reaching the white threads thus protected.

All this varied labor was well superintended by Daniel and Mary, who, while directing it, were not obliged to put their hands to what was rough or mere routine work. The slaves gave a faithful and devoted service—children of nature always, but capable, under wise direction, of becoming responsible, efficient, and trustworthy. Jube, naturally at the head of the colored contingent, served and ruled to the satisfaction, of

both classes. His children grew up about him and 'Mandy, and the little hands early learned habits of industry and obedience.

'Mandy, having mastered the secrets of New England cookery, served from the great fireplace and from the oven, first the bag pudding of Indian meal, boiled for several hours till it gained a ruddy color; this led the mid-day dinner; then the meats, boiled or baked, spare-rib, turkey, goose, or gosling, young pig or leg of mutton, or the boiled salt-beef, with vegetables, to be followed by pies, always of two kinds, or pudding, an Indian pudding with dried apples or suet in it, or batter-pudding thick with any of the berries of the season, served with a sauce made of milk, butter, and molasses. And who could make as good apple-dumplings, or fritters, to be eaten with cider and molasses? Pies served for breakfast were unknown, though ginger-bread or doughnuts might have a place at that meal. And sweet apples baked in the deep oven, being put in after everything else was cooked, and allowed to remain overnight, gained a rare flavor.

The function in cookery was always that of the

great oven. When the house was built, bricks had not come into use in this part of the Colony, and, like the chimney, the oven was made of stone. Its iron door was about three feet from the floor, the open space underneath being a receptacle for big kettles, or sometimes for the oven-wood, cut three feet long, which must be perfectly dry before using. 'Mandy allowed no one but herself to superintend the important office of filling the oven with wood, and lighting it by a shovelful of coals from the hearth. When the wood had burned the coals were skilfully taken out with the long-handled "peel" * and then with a wet broom made of corn-husks the stones were swept clean. She put the loaves of bread on the stones, by means of a flat wooden shovel, and the children, ever peeping in anticipatory delight, held their breath as she brought from the butt'ry the pies that had been waiting behind that closed door, for 'Mandy's "baking" began often before cock-crow. A steady and skilful hand was needed to place all properly, that each should have the

* French *pelle*.

desired amount of heat. The pie-plates were of brown earthen-ware, rounding and somewhat unsteady of base, and to place one full of liquid pumpkin far in the hot recess was well-nigh impossible. A tin dipper had not cheered a housewife's eye, and though a gourd might be used for dipping water, it could not serve all purposes. This difficulty was met by wooden spoons with handles half a yard long, and a squarish-shaped bowl holding nearly half a pint, that, supplemented by 'Mandy's long reach, could safely fill to the brim the half-filled pie-plates. Now and again a pan of ginger-bread sent out a delicious odor from the oven when the watchful goddess took observations. Then there were times in the fruit seasons when, the other cooking being finished, with an air of mystery she placed in the dark oven a stone-pot, well covered, holding, as she alone knew, plums, gooseberries, or other fruits and their modicum of loaf sugar, leaving it in place till the following day, and repeating the process after three bakings, for thus she sometimes made sweetmeats.

After the bread was baked, the oven was often reheated for the baking of meats, or, if the

never-lacking cookies and seed-cakes were to have their turn, or anything requiring a quick heat for a short time, a good handful of pine wood set alight in the middle of the oven would serve both cook and cookies.

"Pots" and "kettles" were distinct, the former with bulging sides and a cover, the latter always open and with sloping sides. A great brass "wash-kettle" aided the laundry-work; a "dish-kettle" was hung over the fire immediately after a meal, in which the various pieces of pewter were placed and left, until, steaming hot, it was swung from the crane, when the pewter was readily given its silver shining.

The iron frying-pan would seem familiar in a modern kitchen, save for the handle two or three feet long, that bespeaks the open fire; but the sausage-baker standing upright before the blazing coals, with savory sausages cooking on its bent wires, is a vision passed from the eyes of men.

XIII

A JOURNEY TO NEW HAVEN

THE shore line of speech is as ever-changing as that of continents, and it has been declared that no man could say with surety how his grandfather spoke in his youth. For, while the rocky ledges long resist the waves of time, there are sandy beaches that shift perpetually, leaving occasional isolated landmarks, and the winds of custom blowing as they list, work strange freaks with the lighter matters on different strands. The "broken-spoken" Irishman still retains an old value in the combination of the vowel *i* and that of *y* with *o*, saying *bye* for *boy* and *boy* for *by;* but one hundred and fifty years ago, and for long after, not only was *point* frequently pronounced *pint*, but *pint, point. Stars* served for *stairs*, and *stairs* for *stars*, while the combination *ea* varied from calling the surname

Pearce *Parss* (it became *Purce* in Massachusetts) to Beard as *Baird*, giving weight to the interpretation of Falstaff's "If *reasons* were as plenty as blackberries" being then pronounced *raisins*, and of far more value than modern speech conveys. Chair became *cheer*, pears were *peers*, etc., the *l* was pronounced in *could*, *would*, and *should*, and not until Noah Webster published his spelling-book were the terminations *tion*, *tial*, etc., given for pronunciation in one syllable.

The district-school, at a turning of roads before Thaddeus's house, was, like all built during the reign of open fires, a small one-story cellarless structure with a large chimney in the middle of one end, making part of the outside wall, and leaving a deep recess on each side of it in the building. These "jogs" were partitioned off to serve as the "boys' entry" and the "girls' entry," where their wrappings were hung. The only outer door led into the boys' entry, through which the girls must pass to reach the wooden pegs set apart for their sunbonnets, hoods, and long red cloaks.

The teacher's desk was directly before the

crackling, blazing fire, the scholars sitting on long benches in the middle of the room, while against the wall a slanting shelf was nailed, before which they stood and learned to write. Very thick, rough slates and large, heavy pencils, just coming into use in the seaport schools, were yet unknown in the hill-districts. Dilworth's Spelling-book, printed in Glasgow, served as the foundation-stone of instruction; the Bible was, save the New England Primer, the only reading-book, until Noah Webster published his book of Selections in 1789. Dilworth's Arithmetic was the standard. But few of the children owned books, blackboards had not been thought of, and the teacher went from one to another, and "set sums" for them to puzzle over—to "find the decimal of 17s. 9d. 2 far."! There were recitations in concert, of the multiplication-table, and those of weights and measures, and an ear attuned to the old key can hear the swaying voices:

4 gills	make one	pint
2 pints	" "	quart
2 quarts	" "	pottle
2 pottles	" "	gallon

4 pecks	make one	bushel
2 bushels	" "	strike
2 strikes	" "	coom
2 cooms	" "	quarter
4 quarters	" "	chaldron
5 quarters	" "	wey
2 weys	" "	last

7 lbs.	make one	clove
2 cloves	" "	stone
2 stones	" "	tod
6½ tods	" "	wey
2 weys	" "	sack
12 sacks	" "	load

and 10 cowhides were reckoned as one dicker.

Exercises in rhyme were given:

"A gentleman a chaise did buy,
A horse and harness too;
They cost the sum of threescore pounds,
Upon my word, 'tis true.
The harness came to half the horse,
The horse twice of the chaise,
And if you find the price of them,
Take them and go your ways."

There were also "pleasant and diverting questions;" such as the old riddle "As I was going to St. Ives."

The teacher practised also one of the minor arts, making with his *pen-knife*, pens from the convenient goose-quill, for the row of children who tried his patience with the continual de-

mand, "Please mend my pen," as they stood at the long desk, toiling from pot-hooks to the elaborate capitals in which they delighted. Ink was made from ink-powders or sticks dissolved in vinegar, or more primitively from soot and vinegar. The ink-bottles were of leather, and the writing-books made of large sheets of paper stitched together.

The winter term lasted from October to April, it was especially the boys' term, and a man was employed as teacher; but in the summer term a woman reigned, it being intended for girls and smaller boys, all of whom learned to make patch-work, knit, and work samplers. On Saturday school was kept but half a day, the afternoon being set apart for "preparation for the Sabbath," and the morning lessons included the Shorter Catechism and the Catechism from the Prayer-book, according to the theology of the pupils.

An obeisance to the teacher was always made on leaving school, and recess sent out, as ever, a lot of boys and girls eager for the games dear to young hearts; and when the snow lay deep enough the home-made sleds went flying down

the slopes, a girl in front well wrapped in her bright red cloak, with a cavalier steersman behind her. "Twelve Men Morris," an old game played with "men" on a marked board, was often laid out on the snow, the active boys "moving" themselves.

"Manners" were strictly insisted on, and a passing stranger received a salutation by a "curtsey" from every child in petticoats, while the boys stood respectfully, cap in hand.

In this little school-house the nine children of Daniel and Mary received their education. The curriculum was very limited, as grammar and geography were not taught until near the end of the century, and Mrs. John Adams certifies that at this period, "female education in the best families in Boston goes no farther than writing and arithmetic, except in some instances music and dancing. It is fashionable to ridicule female learning." But in spite of this far-reaching sentiment the desire for education was strong, and both girls and boys made the most of their opportunities. The young colored children were also sent to school, as by law they must, at least, be taught to read.

Boarding-schools were unknown, and youth were prepared for college by the local or other clerics. Following a custom obtaining among the agriculturists who had several sons, Thaddeus, the eldest son, was to inherit his grandfather's house, and the second son, by virtue of the order of his birth, was "brought up to college." So Benjamin, when twelve years old, was in a state of suppressed excitement one morning, over his anticipated first journey to New Haven; not only must the Latin grammar be purchased, but even an outside knowledge of the college buildings would lend, it was thought, a power in fixing his purpose. The distance was only about fifteen miles, but the road lying across the Housatonic, through another town and county, was out of the usual line of travel for the younger members, whose interest centred in Ripton and its dependencies and the maternal ties in old Stratford. On this bright morning in early May the whole household rose very early to see the start. Daniel in a blue camlet coat and "lappet" vest, his shirt ruffles well crimped, and the ends of his tied neckcloth flowing, claret-colored breeches, mixed gray

stockings, and low shoes, a " knapt " hat (beaver with long fur), with Benjamin in a new butternut-colored suit, waited as Jube led the mare from the big barn, a well-quilted blanket-pad being fastened to the back of the saddle. The saddle-bags, collapsed now, but to show large proportions later, were thrown over the saddle, and Daniel mounted with the boy behind him astride the pad, his blue-stockinged legs hugging the mare, and a strap fastened across the back of the saddle serving for support if needed. The farewells were said amid repeated cautions lest this or that errand be forgotten, and the start was made ere the sun, climbing toward the top of the horizon hills, had sent a ray into the valleys.

The road lay up and down over the hill-crests, until it reached the winding descent following Leavenworth's brook down the forest-covered steep, now half lighted by the rising sun. The quiet early hours were broken only by the twitter of birds and the rush of the full spring waters. The river was reached where the fine old Leavenworth houses and a half-dozen others stood on the level plain under the protecting hills.

Leavenworth's ship-yard was near, and the bridge built by those enterprising men was, during a long period of years, the only one for miles across the "Great River." It was too early for many greetings, but a rush of pleasure filled the boy's heart as he heard the mare's hoofs strike the boards, and saw the full, swiftly flowing stream passing below. The crossing showed the opposite bank in the beauty of spring, with the glowing tints of the young leaves of maples, oaks, and birches, and the dog-woods' level layers of blossoms thrust between them. The toll paid, they followed a winding up-hill road, and as they came to Squire Tomlinson's corner at Derby Neck, Daniel reined in for a moment with the words, "There's Patience, Ben," and on the clear, early air came a girl's sweet voice singing the first verse of Baxter's hymn:

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?"

To hear this was one of Benjamin's great hopes, as it was known that Patience Moss had a way of her own for timing her cooking. Lacking a clock, as did many another, the varying tastes of her household in the cooking of eggs had been difficult to meet until she solved the problem by her hymn-book. So on a clear spring or summer morning, when the doors and windows were open, all the neighboring dames and damsels busy over their own breakfast preparations, would hear borne on the still air the maiden's voice, lifted for the first line of the hymn, and they with one accord would say, "There go Father's and Bill's eggs;" and the verse being finished, there came an instant's pause in the singing which the appreciative listeners would fill with, "There go Jemima's and Sally's eggs;" and then the second verse would come ringing across the street, or stealing over the meadow. At its ending the neighbors would again take up the refrain, "There go the old woman's and Ike's eggs;" and then the voice would rise again, and finish the hymn of six verses.

Daniel guided the mare slowly down the hill and across the brook, the maid's voice growing

clearer and clearer as they neared the Moss homestead, and, through the open door of the end kitchen, the boy had a glimpse of the slender minstrel. It seemed a good omen for his whole day. And then the way led on, twisting between the hills, past the fine Yale mansion and others large and small, till it again descended to a river's brink and the rushing Naugatuck was crossed, now in the broad sunlight, and following the curving street at Up-town Derby, the long hills must be climbed, down which in a few years a French army would wend its way, serving in the cause of freedom.

Emerson's declaration—"Nature has no respect for haste"—is verified by the various races of men who live close to the great mother and are in sympathy with her. It is the result of man's invention and handiwork that life is filled with hurry and impatience; but the old journeyings, always considerate of the beast of burden, the only motive power, and trained to grasp every phase of earth and air and sky, gained such pleasure from the ever-changing course, that even an eager anticipation chafed not at the slow progress. The road led on up and down

hills, and when, nearing New Haven, the father showed the boy West Rock's outline, and told again the story of the Judge's Cave, nothing less than the important work on hand could have satisfied the young legs to keep their place astride the mare, rather than to be climbing the rocky precipice for personal investigation.

But the town of New Haven, with its green, its college, its churches and shops, had been too long a dream of the imagination to make anything else of great importance, and the easy pacing through the streets, replete with town-life, made his heart beat fast, as, sitting behind his tall father, it seemed to the boy like an endless " Centre."

The important work, though dinner at a tavern was not unworthy to be counted, was to see the college, to make the well-planned purchases, and to seek certain kindred in their homes and business haunts. The young legs were as tireless as the father's long ones, and an open mind is a wide receptacle. The churches on the green, and the long South Middle and other college buildings, filled him with awe, not wearing away when, seeking a young

kinsman among the students, the stripling was led through the buildings, until, in the friend's own apartments, the ordinary necessaries of life gave him a sense of being at home.

Benedict Arnold's store was the next goal, and the hanging sign decorated with pestle and mortar (now in the rooms of the New Haven Colony Historical Society) was readily found. A handbill, 5 by 16 inches, issued by this enterprising chemist and merchant, had found its way to Upper White Hills, and, being eagerly conned, had naturally suggested purchases. For, in addition to "A very large assortment of Drugs and Chymical Preparations," it mentioned "Godfrey's Cordial, Daffy's Elixir, Eau de Luce Pills, Essence Drops, Rose-Water, Cold Cream, Ladies' Court Plaister, Spaw and pirmont waters, Paper Hangings for rooms." A long list of books, among which were "Hilary on the Small-Pox," "Sherlock on Providence," "Gay's Fables," "Hervey's Meditations," "Paradise Lost," "Dryden" and other standard poets and essayists, "Every Man his own Lawyer," "The Polite Lady," "A large collection of Novels and Plays," "TEA, Rum, Sugar, Fine

Durham Flour, Mustard, Painters' Colors, A very few neat watches, Buttons and buckles, Mezzotint Pictures and Many other articles very cheap for cash and short credit."

The Latin Grammar being secured and the various purchases paid for in colonial paper money from Daniel's morocco pocket-book and in jingling coin from his breeches pocket, there were houses to enter that seemed full of mystery and grandeur to a boy of Benjamin's limited experience, and the wharves and shipping made him wonder if that life with its charm of rope and pulley, of motion and adventure, would not after all be more enjoyable than the college.

But, home reached again, and the tale of the day unfolded with that deliberation that spins out the pleasure, there was much expression of pride in the knowledge gained of the college-buildings, as he led the listening brothers and sister through them, and already saw himself a student within their walls.

The opening of the saddle-bags was a function by itself. Not till after the evening meal and the usual prayers were over, could they be opened. Impatient but obedient fingers would

not touch them; restraint was ever a valuable lesson. But their depths were finally reached and the various purchases approved. One and sixpence worth of fresh cloves (to be steeped in two quarts of boiling water—this added to two quarts of rum and sweetened with loaf-sugar made clove-water). One ounce of opium (which put in three gills of rum made laudanum). Twelve yards of India taffety for a gown for the mother and some russet for a new petticoat; "The Looking-Glass, short stories with a moral," for little Esther; a few oranges were put aside to be carefully divided and joyfully eaten to-morrow, the peel to be saved for bitters and mince-pies; the Latin Grammar was wondered over; the fine blue marking-thread pronounced right, as was also the linen cambric for ruffles and lawn for kerchiefs. For the grandmother there was Dutch lace for a new cap-border, and the elder Thaddeus turned with pleasure the leaves of "The History of Religion in England." Daniel himself had a new copy of the Colonial Laws, and that good book whose authorship yet remains unknown, "The Whole Duty of Man." Tea, usually bought by the quarter of a pound,

could not be neglected when an opportunity offered for procuring a new variety; in fact, the great and widely known store of Elisha Mills, in Ripton, might supply most of these matters but there is ever a charm in new ventures.

No one was neglected, for there were bright buttons for the small boys' jackets, and essence drops to make the eyes of Jube's little flock shine, and withal there was the delightful oneness in pleasure that abides with a united family.

XIV

THE MOTHER'S DUTIES

In every age the woman who bears efficiently the responsibilities of wife and mother, housekeeper and hostess, needs a keen eye, a sure hand, and a steady heart. Although in those far-off days the whirligig of time did not seem to move with the present *fin de siècle* rapidity, yet the treadle must ever be kept in motion, and all ladies, even those of fashion and distinction, directed their household affairs.

In a large family there was always a baby to be cuddled, young children to be guided and petted, while sympathy and counsel were needed by those growing toward man's degree. Thus the shy Stratford maiden became the responsible matron, guiding her growing household with love and wisdom, while her energetic nature, and the habit of the day, left her hands sel-

dom idle. A touch less skilful could not spin two threads, one with each hand, while a foot kept the treadle of the flax-wheel moving and a baby slept on her lap. There was soft wool for endless knitting, fine ruffles and kerchiefs to hem and babies' caps and other adornments to embroider, and the innumerable stitches to which a mother must ever put her hand.

'Mandy proved capable in performing the routine work, and as numbers increased a young helper, Moll, was procured, whom she guided with discretion, as well as the group of little Brownies that grew up about Jube and herself, who were impressed into service as soon as the young hands and feet could be trusted. The standard of neatness was high—pewter must rival silver in its brilliance, the wooden-ware, of which there was large store, must be like the driven snow—and an air of purity seemed to fill the house, its whitewashed walls cheered by the glow of the great fires and by the sunbeams that found free entrance through the shutterless windows.

The house was, virtually, always open. Never was a bolt drawn on a door nor a bar placed

against its welcome. Guests, be they kindred, friend, or stranger, were sure of a greeting that warmed the heart and of a courtesy that knew no limit. "Manners" were a part of the life of all classes, but the finer grade, the courtesy that makes a guest a king, that counts nothing too precious to offer of self or substance, that veils a dislike, and makes all equally at home within the castle, was the governing power in hospitality, and its source reached back through generations of gentlefolk, to the high class of gentry, who made a large part of some of the colonial companies.

Guests came at all hours and at all seasons, expected and unexpected, in the days when postal service was not, and when there was small chance of finding an empty house. The first duty to a guest was to offer refreshment, and the panelled door of the cupboard by the fireplace in the living-room opened to show a large assortment, from which choice was made according to the guest's station. Often as Mary chanced to look out of her window and recognized riders emerging from the wooded road, she would hasten to the front room, where, on

the shelves behind a glass door, were the "foot-glasses" and the choice bits of delft that even 'Mandy's hand must not touch. If a lady, or Parson Newton, were approaching, the most delicate viands would be offered, a glass of wine or the king of all the liquors, Santa Cruz rum, and that fruit-cake that 'Mandy hid in the depths of a stone-pot and whose retreat was known only to herself, must be forthcoming. If the guest were of less distinction, New England rum was supposed better to suit his taste, or for a woman a glass of home-made cordial, with doughnuts, would be acceptable; or cider might be offered, and in cold weather flip, which was beer, rum, and sugar made hissing-hot by being stirred with the hot flip-iron, that, hanging near the kitchen chimney, was always ready to be thrust into the coals.

A guest seen advancing was met at the door with, "You are welcome." The first civilities over and refreshments duly considered, etiquette asked for a deliverance of his budget, with, "What is the state of health in your vicinity?"

Guests were far from infrequent, from Thad-

deus and Esther and the parents in Stratford village, to the kindred of varying degrees and friends whose homes lay here and there within the wide bounds of the old town, and of neighboring towns also. A great house with no limit to its heart, where there was no tavern within several miles, was sure to be a refuge. So the world drifted in and out of the door, bringing its tidings from various quarters, and carrying away the cheer that long abides with the recipient.

When Mary first came to her new home, Esther, following the usual etiquette, invited to her own house all the neighboring friends, to introduce to them her daughter-in-law. For this ceremony both maid and mistress stirred themselves unusually; there was no stint in the dole of fruit and spice, of cream and butter, of eggs and white sugar, that made the rich brown loaves Dorcas drew out of the oven, and there was fine Madeira in a flowered glass bottle, of which choice guests might sip, with clove-water, cordials, and other beverages for varying tastes.

This was an occasion for the wearing of wedding finery, and the women who came on pillions

had their gowns carefully pinned up for the ride, to be shaken down over finely-quilted petticoats. Laying aside their velvet or cloth pugs (riding-cloaks with hoods), they showed caps of fine muslin embroidered with many lace stitches, and the ruffles lace-edged, kerchiefs of lawn and aprons of persian (silk); and the men in coats of blue and green, brown and claret, long waist-coats of every hue, and breeches of velvet or cloth brightened with silver buttons and buckles. By inheritance they had the education and civilization their forefathers had brought with them to a new country; life was full of conventionalities, and the fabrics of France, the speech of England, and a ceremonious courtesy which was a reflection of that in kings' houses, seemed removed far more than a quarter of a century from the wilderness and the savage.

XV

MAKING NEW FRIENDS

Mary herself must also entertain the neighborhood, and the new friends flitted in and out at her "tea-drinkings" admiring the little blue-eyed woman and her tall husband, whose pride and satisfaction could be read in spite of his quiet demeanor. Tea was a treat, costing several dollars a pound, but it was not used with modern lavishness, as, *well boiled*, a little served a large purpose, and the delicate blue and white china "tea-dishes," decorated with Chinese temples and landscapes, were of the tiniest. On these state occasions the best front room was open, and the guests might almost hesitate to set even a slippered foot on the sanded floor, lest they mar the pattern so deftly marked on it. The round tea-table would seem small to the modern hostess for the accommodation of her guests,

but the fashion of that day was, if the guests were many, to sit about the room, everything being passed to them; if few, they sat near, not at, the table, near enough to reach it, that plate or cup and saucer might be placed upon it.

The table was laid with the finest table-cloth, holland, of course, and there were napkins for the ladies to spread on their laps. It was customary for each guest to bring her own cup and saucer and tea-spoon; so, although Mary's store would suffice, part of her treasures might be left behind the glass door of the cupboard. Tea was served from the "tortoise-shell" tea-pot; in a sugar-bowl of the same ware the broken loaf-sugar lay like snow against the dark-red glaze of its lining, and on the sugar the silver "tea-tongs" were laid with pride, while the little silver cream-pot, with Mary's initials in square typographical letters, was the prize of the table. Sweetmeats were in shining pewter basins, and served on small pewter plates which were almost as brilliant as mirrors.

Queen Esther, too, was proud of the young hostess who served her guests so gracefully, and if 'Mandy dared to listen, when her biscuits and

fruit-cake, passing from hand to hand on plates from far Cathay, were praised, no one could blame her!

The tea-cups were without handles and the spoons, which were very small, served that purpose. A spoon left in the cup and against its edge, made a rest for the forefinger placed in front of it; while the other fingers, back of it, held the cup itself. And there was a strict etiquette regarding the spoon; left in the empty cup, it signified that one did not desire the cup refilled, but laying it in the saucer meant that more tea would be acceptable. An attentive hostess did not need to use her eyes to ascertain her guests' wishes. The click alone of the spoon on cup or saucer told their pleasure to her discriminating ear.

The guests themselves, genteel and agreeable, chatted, admired, and delighted in it all, talking of this and that, of parson and sermon, of house and children, of gossip and fashion, with that good humor, racy wit, and sprightly manner for which the women of New England were renowned.

Mary's nature was very social and she soon

made friends among these women of the hills, but there were two distinguished from the first above all others. Daniel's cousin, the little Charity who used to sit by her grandmother in church, having grown tall and buxom, had married a man of valor, and their house on the eastern rise of Spindle-Tree Hill was on the road to Ripton. Beach, Charity's husband, though coming from Stratford village, was already a large land-holder on the hills, and at the time of Mary's marriage three children had been taken to the meeting-house for baptism, for Charity, having married one of the meeting-folk, must go with her husband. To Mary this cousin, embarked on the sea of matrimony somewhat in advance of herself, proved a wise counsellor, and there were many pleasant journeys homeward on Sundays, the men, Beach and Daniel, in advance, and the women on their own horses, ambling side by side, and talking their woman's talk.

But the new friend that really marked an era in Mary's life was Hepzibah, whose date of marriage tallied very nearly with her own. She was of Huguenot descent, her father, born in Stratford, and marrying there in 1725, had, about

the time Thaddeus married, removed from his pleasant home "by the water-side" in the village to one of Stratford's wilderness regions, called Moose Hill, where Indians were the nearest neighbors. Hepzibah was only then learning to take her first little steps, and the home was so remote that it had never been possible for her to go to school but for one short term of three months. Her grandmother, however, taught her at home, and her own keen interest, determination, and ability enabled her not only to gain much knowledge from books, but also to guide a pen wittingly.

Moose Hill became part of another "Centre," called New Stratford, and within the district's limits was Barn Hill, on the southern side of which was set the home of Hepzibah on her marriage. This also was a fine house, not as large as that of Daniel, but built much on the same plan and about two miles distant. Hepzibah was a woman of "parts," tall, erect, and fair, not inheriting from her father physically, but proving mentally the French blood. Her great-grandparents being Walloons, the type was not far to seek. Being also of Puritan stock, and

education, the temperament was restrained, dignified, and, like most of the women, she had ever a living interest in serious matters. But there was a love of art, and of beauty, an ingenuity and desire for expression, that marked her as unlike most of her contemporaries. The possibilities of even a small colonial city were beyond her grasp, but by her brains and hands she realized some of her longings. Drawing her own designs and with colors made from various dyes and plants she painted her window-shades, which in those days were always of paper. And with a supply of crewels, she made rugs from the common tow-cloth, using it as a canvas: making the pattern as she worked, flowers and vines grew under her fingers, and the background was filled with black stitches. She was fond of her garden, especially a large bed of pinks on which the sunshine lay all day, and she had great pride in variegating their shades by braiding together the roots of different varieties. Happy was the child for whom a large handful was gathered, and carefully strung with a thread through the long green calyxes to be wound into a " posy."

To verse also she set her hand, and a remarkable memory helped her to make the limited number of books that came within her reach a part of herself. Her husband, bearing the name of Milton, because of his father's admiration for "Paradise Lost," was a man of rare physical beauty, and with such admiration for her superior intellectual power as to be willing to shine with less brilliance.

So the friendship began which was to last through many years and the two young married women, both starting on the new life, found that in itself a bond, while the attraction of opposites wrought its endless charm.

XVI

FIRE AND LIGHT

In the days when friction-matches were an unknown quantity—and those days lasted until about 1830—"a light" meant far more than at the present time. The element of fire, man's greatest friend, was, during the colder weather, his greatest fear. A house was never left alone with a fire burning. Under any circumstances there would be little to help the subduing of an unruly flame with water only in the depths of a well or, possibly, a few gallons in a hogshead at the corner of the house.

In these homes of the past the fires in the kitchen and living-rooms did not go out from the first cool days of the fall until the summer sun made them largely unnecessary. In winter there was always an immense back-log, twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, often drawn to

the hearthstone by a horse that Jube drove right into the kitchen. Against this log the smaller and lighter wood was piled, a green "fore-stick" keeping guard lest any turn truant. To light the fires there was kept a supply of "swingling-tow," the refuse of the flax-stalk after the spinable flax and tow had, by varying processes, been removed. Being very dry and light, it was highly inflammable, and when the kindling-wood was in place, the crane was pulled forward and a bunch of the tow hung on one of the long pothooks. Then Jube took the old king's-arm from its place behind the kitchen door, and, kneeling on the hearthstone, put a little powder in the flash-pan, then, holding it just under the tow, he snapped the old flint-lock, setting powder and tow in a blaze. The great log would last a week; at night the coals and brands were piled against it, the ashes were carefully banked, and the burning wood and coals covered, leaving only one little breathing-place. In the morning, raking away the ashes, 'Mandy found a glowing bed ready for the day's demands.

As the bedroom that opened from the living-

room was always occupied, and the danger of fire ever on the mind, a rebellious spark could do little damage ere it would be revealed. Fires in other bedrooms were likewise on the sleepers' minds, and when lighted in the front room were not left until they also could be safely banked. The "sparking-fires,"—those burning in one of the outer rooms when a suitor came to plead his cause, or, being successful, to plan for the future, —were the especial charge of the visitor, and he was not expected to make his farewells until the coals had burned low enough to admit of a safe banking.

To light a candle or a pipe, a strong arm lifted a burning coal with the long, heavy tongs, and, bringing it toward the face with one hand, blew it into a flame, then the candle held in the other hand was quickly lighted; but a pipe was as often scooped into the edge of the fire, bringing up a layer of red ashes, that, with a puff, set the weed burning. Thin sticks of light wood were kept in a little cupboard in the chimney, with which a lady or a child might light a candle, for paper was far too scarce to burn.

Even in warm weather, when fire was needed

only for cooking, the kitchen fires were rarely allowed to go out entirely until the tinder-box came into general use. The spark caused by strike of steel on flint was not of itself sufficient to light the usual kindling, but a tinder-box held a compartment in which was placed a strip of linen that had been half burned, bearing the same relation to its former substance that charcoal does to wood, and easily ignited by a spark. The flint being struck and the tinder on fire, a small bit of it was pinched off with snuffers or fingers, and the fire was lighted in an instant. Closing the box secured the rest of the tinder for future use. Lacking such conveniences, the only way of getting fire was to go for it, and a " neighbor's " might be half a mile or more away. A boy sent on the mission would seize a burning brand, and by rapid motion keep it aflame even for a long distance, while the more sedate would carry a pan or shovel of coals, but with such haste that a description of a rapid gait was, " He goes as if he were carrying fire."

The light of these early days was, universally, the tallow-dip or the moulded candles. Candlesticks were tall, of brass or pewter or iron, often

with a band around the slender upright part to which a flat hook was attached. This served to hang the candle on a peg if one wished the light raised or to carry it even with the hands full by hanging it from one finger. When a busy knitter dropped a stitch that she would find again, or, for any purpose a low light was needed, the hook would catch on the raised rim of the "candlestand," a small four or eight-sided table, on opposite sides of which the heads of the house sat when the family gathered within the shelter of the tall tow-screen. Settles were not known in this part of Connecticut, and a screen about six feet high, in five parts, each three feet wide, covered with heavy tow-cloth, confined the heat from the fire, and shielded the group within from the draughts that played about walls and windows in winter.

In the kitchen, 'Mandy, busy over her family mending or knitting, had an iron lamp hanging from a peg in the wall near the fireplace. This was a shallow, three-sided iron pan about six inches across, with a rim hardly an inch deep. One side of the rim was so cut that a tongue of iron bent upward and partly over the pan, made

a handle; to this a short chain was attached by which the lamp hung. In this dish lay a twisted rag on which any kind of melted grease was poured, and the end of the rag protruding at the point of the dish served for a wick, giving a fair light.

'Mandy was a busy mother, for, although materials were supplied her and the boys' clothing was made by the cat-whipping tailor, the patching and knitting were endless, and she had some share in the coarser spinning. Daniel employed a weaver by the year, and the shuttle was always flying from one hand to the other, carrying the fine flaxen or woolen thread. From the weaving-room came forth blankets of white and plaids, cloths and flannels, linen of all grades, linsey-woolsey and tow-cloths, the winter's spinning to be woven in the summer and the summer's spinning in the winter.

As Jube's younger brother, Samson, found Moll an irresistible charmer, Thaddeus transferred him to Daniel's household. And life grew delightfully complicated with the varied interests of children of all ages. The boys found unceasing opportunity for the exercise of ingenuity

and deft handicraft. The Yankee was rapidly growing away from the Englishman. Every generation set them farther apart, and the mother of invention might well be proud of her offspring.

It was natural to a boy to learn the use of every tool and implement, the "how" and the "why" of every custom and process, and although there was keen zest over games of ball and of physical prowess, it was keener over the making of traps to catch woodchucks or rabbits, and, best of all, the frisky red squirrel, which was just coming into these forests. Being a stranger and much more playful than his gray cousin, he was eagerly sought, as a rare prize.

Woodchucks were hunted by both black and white boys with avidity, the darker element liking the meat, and both valuing the skin, as, when properly tanned and dressed, it made the most perfect whip-lash. When it was well stretched on a board, an expert boy having a sharp knife would cut with the cunning of Dido, and from the tiny hide gain so long a strip that it served for two or three lashes, each made of four or six strands, carefully braided, and the cutting was

with such skill that the braided lash swelled properly toward the middle and tapered at the end with symmetry.

There being no contrary law, game was often secured by a snare made of braided horse-hair, artfully looped and placed under low bushes—a dangerous necklace for unsuspecting quail or partridge. And the boys, being held responsible for mice in the store-room, made small traps for them also.

Something to be whittled out was of unfailing interest. A nice bit of wood was full of possibilities; spoons that stirred the hasty-puddings, netting-needles for making seines, checkers for the games played in the long winter evenings, and many other articles, grew under the hands that held the jack-knife.

Samson was a great bee-hunter, and a man with that kind of a bee in his bonnet is ever alert. He seemed sometimes to have extra vision, for whether he was at work at home or a-field, he had usually a bee-tale to tell, and if many were received incredulously, occasionally he proved his triumph. Although beehives made a part of the house industry, wild honey was a treat for, be-

ing made largely from flowers growing in swamps where there was little sun, it had a distinct flavor. Many a forest tree bore a liquid treasure in its heart that the ordinary passer never suspected. The law of custom decreed that whoever discovered a bee-tree could claim it by cutting his initials on it, and the tree was his, even if he did not cut it down for years. A bee laden with pollen makes a straight line, a "bee-line," for home, while the one seeking food flits hither and yon. To discover the bee-tree the insect must be followed rapidly, not always an easy task, as the path might prove too full of difficulty and the flying guide be lost, even at what seemed the critical moment. If Samson's tales might be thought at times too marvellous, when his master was convinced that he had found the tree "for sure," then there was fun for every man and boy allowed to have a part in the gathering. Often in the deep woods, sometimes on edge of swamp or meadow, on a neighbor's land, or on the master's, far or near mattered not, but late in an afternoon, when the bees had gone in for the night, Samson leading his cavalcade to the spot, and, showing the

rude S he had accomplished with his jack-knife, would point out the opening his keen eyes had discovered. Vigorous strokes laid the tree low and the bees were suffocated by burning a little sulphur at the opening, then skilful work was required to split the hollow trunk and take out the large, brittle combs. These, amounting sometimes to from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds weight, were carried home in wooden pails and trays and with due formality presented to the mistress by the delighted workers, all sure of a large portion of honey for supper.

XVII

FISHING AND CAMPING

Fishing, whether in brook or river, charmed boy and man. Jube, having received due permission, often invited young Thaddeus and Benjamin to go to Round Hill Brook, and, with a few whispered words and many expressive gestures, directed their casts over a still, dark pool, where he made sure a fine trout was resting out of the rush of waters, or under the edge of a great rock, where another lay in hiding. At other times in a flat-bottomed boat on the river, they sought perch and pickerel. And when by the watercourses, he had always an eye for the "scouring-rush" (*Equisetum hiemale*) counting on 'Mandy's praises for bringing it in good quantity. This rush carries much silica in its fibre, and served largely in keeping the wooden-ware white, being superior to everything else

for that purpose. The growth is in single stalks, round and hollow, about one-quarter of an inch in diameter and from one to three feet high. This 'Mandy hung in her kitchen till it was dry, and then cut in lengths of five or six inches. A dozen of these pieces bunched, and tied near each end, made them easily handled. Before using, the brush was put in water to render it pliable, and after doing its duty to-day it was hung up to dry ready for to-morrow.*

The great fishing of the year was in the spring when the shad ran up the river seeking their birthplaces. In the early days of the Colony the "fishing rights" were the property of those land-holders whose borders were washed by the river, the Indians having a "right" near their reservation at Corum. As property was divided by inheritance, the rights were held in partnership, and a man sometimes sold a part or the whole of his share. The elder Daniel's right had been at the "Old Boar," just above "The Sow" and "The Pigs." In this property Thaddeus had his privilege, and extended it to his son.

* Appendix 300.

In the fall each owner in a right at a "station"—which was simply a place on the river-bank where it was possible or convenient to manage the seine—agreed how much net he would make during the winter. For this the best flax was used and twisted into twine on the wheel. The boys and the negroes netted in the evenings; they cast their own lead sinkers, and their ever-ready jack-knives made floats from pine. When the shad began to run well in the river, the nets being brought together in some meadow near the station, were joined and strung with floats and sinkers. As the fish always swim against the current and lie in groups in quiet eddies waiting for the tide to turn, the seine was set just before the full-tide, and when the waters, obeying the mysterious power, reversed their course, the fish, starting eagerly on their upward journey, met another fate, and were soon flopping on the sandy shore. A large haul was of three or four hundred, and, if the moonlight held good, the seine was drawn several times in one night. Salt shad for winter use were as much, if not more desired, than those for immediate consumption,

and when the nights for drawing seine were made known, people came, often from long distances, bringing both barrels and salt to the river's brink; and the fish but a few moments since swimming in the moonlit waters were dressed, washed in the shallow pools near the shore, salted and packed away, to serve as a prized relish through the coming year. There were also buyers of fish who would sell them from house to house to-morrow, taking pay in salt-pork, with the reckoning of two pounds of fish for one pound of pork.

By common consent the river was free to the fish on Saturdays and Sundays—a custom no one would presume to transgress. The customs regulating the fishing were far more strictly observed than are the present laws that grew out of them.

In lives unstirred by great matters, these diversions were hailed with a delightful excitement. Still another in the same line was the annual camping out on Stratford beach at Point-no-Point, to rake oysters, to dig clams, to catch striped bass, white perch, and yellow-fin. Jube and Samson made an early start one morning

in command of two ox-carts well laden with various farm products, and a little live freight in the form of small boys, while Daniel himself followed later in the saddle, with little Esther behind him on a pillion and two of the larger boys on another horse. The first destination was Captain Burroughs's wharf on the Pequonnock, which the oxen, leaving so long in advance, reached as soon as the master. Thereupon there was a confab over various matters, a record of goods received and a list of purchases to be made in Boston, both duly put away in the captain's big pocket-book. Cousin Charity had recently achieved the glory of a large delft platter, round, as were all the old platters, the blue and white pattern of which had been dancing before Mary's eyes ever since she saw it. A like treasure must be hers also, for, although even in England pewter still made the usual dinner-service, there was a creeping in of bits of "delft"—Chinese-ware largely—and of the early English dishes for use on the dinner-table, the "tea-dishes" having already found their place for the lighter meal.

There were also commissions for various

household necessaries and personal adornments, all of which Captain Burroughs carefully transcribed in his account-book, which remains unto this day.

As soon as the ox-carts were unloaded they were started again in advance, while the riders, after adjusting details of prices and possibilities of date for the return voyage, finally took their way also along the old King's Highway, and the children rejoiced as they neared the toll-gate to hear the clattering hoofs and the strident cry of the post-rider, Andrew Hurd, "Open the gates for the King's Post!"

Over Old Mill Hill they went, past the long, narrow, elm-bordered green where the vision reaches over the blue waters of the Sound to the green fields and trees of Long Island, and on down into Stratford village; past Benjamin's tavern, where Washington and Lafayette were to meet a few years hence, and down the long street to the Lordship meadow and Point-no-Point—that deceptive outline of land which from the water seems a protruding point, but which in reality curves but little.

A flat-bottomed fishing-boat about twenty

feet long was hired, which, tilted on its side, and well banked with sand, would make a shelter for the nights. Great bunches of dry sea-weed served for beds and pillows. The careful mother and faithful 'Mandy had provided ample store of coverlids and food, and Daniel knowing that the men were to be trusted with the three white boys, who, with Jube's little ones, were already prospecting for clams, he left them, first to arrange with the owner of a salt meadow for "a jag of salt hay," then to carry little Esther to her kindred, while he sought other friends and affairs.

The days went all too fast with the clam-diggers and fishermen, and the night's sound sleep was well earned. Swimming in the warm salt-water, fishing from the boat, wading in the creek's mouth with bare feet, to feel the oysters that were to be raked up, exploring at low tide the round holes on the sand-bars that betrayed the clam's refuge, and cooking and eating in the open, was living out a story-book almost before such story-books were written.

Meantime little Esther in a gown of double-plaid sat in a low, straight-backed chair, knitting

a long garter, enjoying seed-cake and other dainties, that bear a distinct flavor in a house other than home. She skipped joyfully along the garden paths among flowers strange and familiar, running out occasionally through the white gate to the corner, where, between the tops of the beautiful elm trees, she could see the brass weathercock which was pierced by British shot a few years later, and still turns this way and that on the church steeple. The dear grandmother knew how to prevent any feeling of loneliness as twilight neared, and there was an extra serving of jam, after the bread and milk in the pewter porringer had disappeared. There were kittens to feed and cuddle and one to be chosen for Esther to take home, in a loose bag to be carried on her lap.

When the time came for the reluctant homeward journey and the hill-top was regained, an unfolding of budgets, mental and material, followed, Jube bringing his mistress a bunch of unicorn-root, one of the remedies provided against the colds and coughs that cold weather might develop.

Doctors were at a distance and every wise

mother had a stock of simples which she used with discretion and ability. Tansy was not exactly a cure-all, but so potent that in the spring, when the leaves were small and tender, it was served in tansy pancakes, which the children did not altogether dislike. A few leaves in a bottle of rum made "tansy-bitters," the first remedy for any sensation of cold or "goneness," and the long list of herbs, dock, pennyroyal, boneset, horehound, catnip, sage and wormwood, were as much a part of the harvest as the ripened grain. And when the first warm days of spring marred the crispness of humanity, garlic and rum, a spoonful once a day, was administered to a line of children, willing or unwilling, and neither white nor black mother failed in this duty.

The little fingers of the household found a perennial pleasure in gathering nuts and berries in their season, and if their games were not as varied as a kindergarten series, there were hide-and-seek, blindman's-buff, fox and geese, and best of all, oats-peas-beans-and-barley-grows, when, all the doors being set open, the children, joining hands, circled the great

chimney, coming to a stand-still in the living-room, for "Now you are married you must obey." Tag also gained an extra zest when the chimney's great bulwark was to be dodged, but even a venturesome child would not dare to take advantage of this freedom of the floor to do injury to any of the furniture. There was a wholesome restraint as natural as was movement, that did not cultivate the organ of destructiveness.

Dolls were almost as mythical as fairies, but a "rag-baby" was loved and dressed and caressed with joy and satisfaction.

The fingers of the negro, like those of the Indian, were apt in the plaiting of baskets and in the twisting of rushes for seating the plainer chairs, whose frames were turned by the hill carpenter. In the long evenings these articles grew under the hands of men and boys, the baskets often being stained red by a solution of copperas in vinegar. The rushes used were of different growths, the cat-tail serving for the heavier work. Mops were made of corn-husks bound to a handle, the husks having been drawn through a hetchel which shredded them, and

door-mats of husks, whole or hetcheled, were braided with pride and pleasure. The straw hats for common use were made from the whole rye-straw, plaited often by the children, and sewed into form by the women over a block giving the shape of the crown.

One of a boy's great treasures was a ball made from an old stocking leg ravelled, and carefully wound, then covered with soft leather by the mother's skilful fingers. A form of base-ball was the important game, varied by " four-holey-crack " and " round-ball," while all feats of skill and daring were welcomed. Fear was not cultivated. To be brave, to be skilful in whatever one set a hand to, to accomplish everything undertaken, to surmount difficulty, gave life a perpetual goal. Nothing was more clearly demonstrated in the later conflict with disciplined armies than that he that had been faithful in little would be faithful also in much. That the hour of emergency must be the hour of triumph is one of the great underlying principles for the success of a venture or a country.

XVIII

FASHIONS

Fashion moved slowly a century and a half ago. Before the French revolution a doll dressed in the latest mode carried the patterns from France to Vienna once a year. Fabrics made by the old methods were enduring, and one was not much out of style if he wore his garments in the first cut even to shabbiness. Dress, however, was important, the first consideration being that the material be of fine quality, and there was ever some tinge of novelty lending a charm to purchasers. Man's dress, varied by style of button, length of cuff and vest, and the discarding of buckram lining in the coat skirts, retained its main characteristics through a long period. Cocked hats gave place to very tall crowns with brims drooping and curling, until one was evolved whose wide brim was rolled

close to the crown at the side, dipping like a canopy at front and back. Low shoes and knee-breeches, or " small clothes," with the glitter of silver buckles, lasted long. Many a man dying at an old age before 1820 never wore a boot in his life, even though he did service under arms for his country. Coats and whole suits were of all colors, black being chiefly for the clergy and for mourning. Vests were of cloth, brocade, velvet, satin, cassimere, and all woollen materials, blue and gray, claret and green, with deep pocket-flaps and silver or other bright buttons. The great-coat of blue camlet, with several short capes, long of waist and large of button, trousers of leather and leggings of deer-skin, were a protection against storm, although the more ordinary legging was simply an extra stocking-leg well tucked in the low shoe. Overshoes were of very heavy leather, but no higher than the other shoe, and occasionally made like a moccasin, all of one piece. Women also might have leather overshoes, and sometimes goloshes or " pattens "—a wooden arrangement fastened under the sole of the shoe, raising it from the ground.

Quilted petticoats, over which the upper dress opened, were of silk, satin, or woollen, and were wrought in marvellous patterns of flowers and fruits; of the woollens the favorite was "russet," a fabric which, whatever the foundation color, bore also an iridescent gloss. Trails were derisively called "sweep-streets," and, like many of his sex, Daniel objected to them. So when Esther, his eldest daughter, had attained the dignity of fourteen years, and he bought for her the necessary material for a gown of a red and gray serge, it was presented with the caution, "Put all you please in the roundabout, but don't let any of it down on the ground."

Bonnets were naturally evolved from hoods. First a reed was put in the front edge to prevent its falling over the face, and gradually, near the close of the last century, bonnets appeared, not yet however of plaited straw, but of silk and other materials made over a foundation "bonnet-paper" of stiff pasteboard. Hats with crowns and brims made of stiff fabrics covered with velvet or satin, had been in use for generations in fashionable life, but beyond the great towns a hood was the universal covering for a woman's

head. This was often attached to the cloak, a cloak meaning a circular garment without sleeves, which was made of woollen stuff, of velvet, or of silk crape. When quite short, like a modern cape, they were called "pugs," and were of velvet, cloth, or even gauze. Hoods separate from the cloaks were of various materials, to suit the seasons, and a sun-bonnet of checked linen or flowered calico did every-day duty in warm weather.

When a woman rode on a pillion a cloak served her purpose, but when in the saddle, a long-waisted coat was more convenient. So there were coats and waistcoats of the various stuffs, and sometimes a "mantee"—a coat with sleeves, that hung open from the throat, showing the handsome waist and petticoat. Caps and kerchiefs were universally worn during a long term of years; fans, "pockets" (fancy bags to hang from the waist) and aprons of silk or fine lawn were mere adornments; and one or two strings of gold beads made part of the dress of every woman who ranked in any of the upper classes. Gloves were of silk, of wool, and of "leather" (kid), and mitts were of varying styles

and lengths at different periods. Calico was expensive, coming from India, and at times more valued than silk, because more costly.

Wigs were rarely worn in the country save by professional men, but gentlemen usually wore their hair in a cue. And when the fashion prevailed of cutting a boy's hair straight across the forehead, Daniel's little troop stood in line waiting their turns, while the mother, tying a long knitted garter around a little head, deftly snipped away the locks that came below it.

XIX

THE TORY NON-COMBATANTS

A SPIRIT of unrest under injustice was stirring the various colonies. The Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, and the Tax on Tea were felt as pressure from the hand of tyranny. "The luxury of being free" was craved, entreated, and finally fought for, not without fear on the part of many wise men regarding the outcome for a people without united government, with neither army nor treasury. "The first revolutionary assembly that convened in Boston promulgated the principle of the revolution of 1688—'Resistance to unjust laws is obedience to God,' and it became a watchword throughout the colonies."* The great body of the people were ready to risk

* Seward on death of Daniel Webster, United States Senate, December, 1852.

the issue. But inheritance is a gathering of many streams:

> "Thou hast inherited thy father's lands
> And all his debts thereon,"—

his faith, his opinions, his prejudices, as well as his tastes and temperament. With the first efforts in the struggle a large part of the Churchmen felt themselves on the side of the King. However great might be their sympathy with the gathering armies, to the elders at least loyalty was a matter of conscience. The Church was, in a measure, under the King's protection and support, and the prayers of the faithful were for his welfare. Many quickly solved the problem by removal to the Provinces of Nova Scotia and Canada; some were so outspoken in their allegiance that they were requested to remove; some boldly followed the British army, or secretly aided its purpose. The question was full of difficulty not easily appreciated by later generations, in face of the result. Many a man who had fought with all his heart for the King in the colonial wars now fought against him, and many who did not take up arms in the revolution gladly saw their sons do so in the war of 1812; the transferrence of

allegiance is a slower process with some than with others.

The impetuous nature is always more militant than the sedate, and the searcher of genealogies is easily convinced of the influence of heredity. The professions, public office, the army, the sea, seem often as much a matter of inheritance as bonds and acres, and the soldier born is better than the soldier made. The first call roused the fighting blood, not only that near the large centres and seaports where tidings came quickly, but also in the upper districts.

Connecticut was not as eager for the war as some of the other colonies. She believed always in government by the people as distinguished from "the divine right of kings." Each man had by representation his share of action when the General Court met "to agitate the affairs of the Commonwealth." Her charter secured to her special privileges, and save during the Andros episode she had always elected her own governor and other officers. She bore, moreover, a distinctive temper, a spirit of moderation, that owing to her growth under the peculiar liberties of her charter and constitution gave to her chil-

dren a special character. The conservatism of the Church of England, which gained her strongest foothold in New England in this Colony, and at the outbreak of the revolution had twenty clergy and forty churches, was also not without influence.

The twelve years from 1763 to 1775 were those of great prosperity to Connecticut, but although, when the Stamp Act passed Parliament, Franklin wrote home, "The sun of liberty is set; you must light up the candles of industry and economy," there were many who would not accept the situation. As early as 1774 the "Sons of Liberty" banded, and on village-greens set up tall poles with "Liberty" carved on them, while the "Daughters of Liberty" bound themselves to suffer any discomfort or privation rather than use or wear the product of the oppressing country.*

Injustice in any form was deplored, was mentally resisted, and the success of the Colonial Agency at the Court of Great Britain was part of the petition enjoined upon the people in the Thanksgiving Proclamation, while "Touch not,

* Appendix 301.

taste not, handle not" *tea*, served as a text for many a sermon. The desire for greater freedom was strong, but the sober side of war with a great power, and the possibilities that might follow success in arms, even as they did arise in the critical period, stayed many a voice and foot in the beginning. To protect a sea-coast from the St. John in New Brunswick almost to the St. John's in Florida, and a frontier extending from the tip of Maine, skirting the great lakes and dipping into the wide river valleys, was enough to make a wise head shake doubtingly.

Still, many a man's heart longed to go forward whose feet were bound to the threshold. He might serve on the Alarm List, "training" at stated intervals and holding himself ready for a call that might, and perhaps did, come. But to supply the army and the families, crops must be cultivated; the women and children, the aged and the feeble, could not do all the work; therefore if six brothers entered the lists, the seventh remained behind.

Besides these martyrs in will, if not in deed, there were the Tory non-combatants, those who

neither helped nor hindered the enemy. These, though in sympathy with the movement for independence in 1776, stayed their hands, deeming allegiance due the King despite unjust rule, but though praying always "that his heart might be moved to the more reasonable ministering of his subjects' affairs," were unwilling to lift sword against him. The Church clergy of Connecticut held a convention in New Haven, July 23, 1776, and resolved to suspend the services in their churches, which, with only two or three exceptions, was done. Some of the rectors suffered unjust accusation and imprisonment, while others, like Parson Newton, were permitted to abide in peace as long as the church remained closed, and prayers for the King were not uttered in the name of the people.

When the war-cry sounded, although Daniel's eldest son was a well-grown stripling of seventeen, and Daniel himself but a little past forty years of age, they remained deaf to the call, as did most of their name and kindred, all of whom were members of the Church of England. The slaves of the household, now numbering in old and young eleven, bound to their master's inter-

est, and following him in religious matters, dared not, if they would, echo the sentiments or follow the example of others of their race, to whom every idea of "freedom" was alluring. With war-tidings the land was rife. Principle and sympathy were often at variance in Tory hearts, and almost daily one or another traversed the roads that gave long views of the Sound and saw the warning beacon-fires ready for lighting.

The "Spindle-tree," near the crest of Spindle-tree Hill, was a great chestnut with a trunk eighteen feet in circumference and fully one hundred feet high. The lack of lower branches proved that it had grown in the dense forest, but the white man found it standing alone, in a clearing the Indians had made about it. It was an old Indian rendezvous, and the last Indians of that district lived but a short distance from it. That it was a resort of the arrow-makers is proved by the quantity of arrow-heads, chips, and unfinished arrows, found in an adjoining field.*

This tree had served the Indians as a signal-station in summoning the tribes, and, being

* Appendix 302.

visible for over twenty miles on the Sound, it was a landmark for the white man, and was now chosen to bear a message to watchers nearer the shore, if the enemy should be seen advancing over the blue waters. The tree was very straight, and a long, slender upper limb, having been struck by lightning, had fallen and lodged in a fork of the tree, balancing there, and bearing the appearance of the spindle so familiar to the spinning community.

Beach, the husband of Charity, was already under a captain's commission in the colonial militia, and when the need arose, he and his company of men, went from Ripton to the relief of New York, having their part in the retreat from White Plains, and going into winter quarters on the Hudson, under General Putnam. They marched also when the cry arose from Danbury, and when there was a call for reinforcements at Peekskill, three of Beach's sons also serving under him, or other redoubtable fighters. His wife, Charity, true at heart still to the faith of her youth and parentage, and firm in the belief of the success of the royal cause, bore a troubled spirit, as, eager for the fray, hus-

band and sons left her, while she had to bear the woman's lot of uncertainty and waiting. But women's hearts are brave, and with the same spirit that made another woman cover the pain of parting with, "Look out, Amos, that you don't get shot *in the back*," Charity implored her daring captain to be cautious, or he "would be caught by the conquering British and hung on the Spindle-tree yonder."

Real warfare, however, came no closer to these hills than plundering parties along the border of the Sound near Stratford, and Tryon's burning, pillaging expedition.

There were, however, always foraging parties to be feared, and captures of their boats were not infrequently made by men of coolness and daring. Records of such adventures were common property, and the committees of safety and inspection in the various towns were always alert lest a Tory in some disguise, or in open avowal, proved aid or pilot. They made search in houses where sympathy was supposed to be with the enemy, or where tea might be used. When one of the august committee was seen approaching Daniel's house looking for tea there,

it was Mary herself who met him at the door with a kettle of boiling water, that, in passing, she had quickly lifted from the fire, and said that no one could enter without receiving the kettle's contents on his head! And lawlessness alone, might serve to knock up at dead of night with a demand for cider, a man who, if he showed a timorous spirit, could be kept on the lower side of his cellar-door while his house was plundered.

Those who, like Daniel, desired to be merely non-combatants looked well to their words and ways, reading the prayers for the King at family worship, but guarding the tongue outside their own walls, and on "being Drafted on a Towar of Duty at Fairfield in the 6th Company of Alarm List, on Refusing to Go has paid a fine of five pounds Agreeable to an Act of Assembly of this State."

There were excitements of various kinds to rouse interest in people of both parties. The New London *Gazette* of April 19, 1776, testifies that Stratford village was in great tumult, as it states: "The following odd affair happened at Stratford on the 10th of last month.

A child of Mrs. Edwards, of that town, was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Leaming and named Thomas Gage; this alarmed the neighborhood, and on the 13th, one hundred and seventy young ladies formed themselves into a Battalion, and with solemn ceremony appointed a General and other proper officers to lead them on; then the Petticoat Army marched in the greatest good order to pay their compliments to Thomas Gage and present his mother (the Nymphs ought to have deferred this part of the Business says our Correspondent) with a suit of Tar and Feathers. But Thomas's Sire having Intelligence of their Expedition, Vi et Armis, kept them from entering his house, so that the female Soldiers after giving three Huzzas returned to their Head Quarters without affecting what they intended, and disbanded themselves. Col. Whiting's wife headed them."

Of quite another interest was the great wedding in Fairfield of John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy, and it served for more than a nine days' wonder. Boston being still under control of the British General Gage, it was deemed expedient that Miss Dorothy meet her lover in

Fairfield and that the wedding take place at the house of Mr. Thaddeus Burr. The occasion was one for fine feathers of all sorts, and the fame thereof reached far back on the hills. Those so fortunate as to be bidden told the tale to those less so, and the record of costume and hair-dressing, of trains and petticoats, of pearls and powder, of slippers and dancing, was far more enjoyable than that of siege and fortress, of pain and death.

XX

THE FRENCH ARMY

The years of war dragged on. The French fleet arrived at Newport in the spring of 1781, and as it was desired to reinforce Washington on the Hudson with part of the troops, while Lafayette himself went with the ships to Virginia, a section of the army under the Count Rochambeau, the Duc de Lauzun and other officers, crossed Connecticut. De Lauzun, with his legion of six hundred men, cavalry, hussars, grenadiers, and lancers, passed through New Haven June 27, camped on Sentinel Hill, in Derby, then wound down the steep roads, crossed Naugatuck and Housatonic Rivers, and took the winding way up the west bank of the latter, finding it necessary at times to improve the road with a double corduroy for the passage of the heavy wagons. Finally, the steep ascent being made,

the route wound around the upper hills till it reached "the Centre" of New Stratford, now the town of Monroe.

The road leading by such toilsome effort up from the river reached a level near the foot of Daniel's especial hill, and it was not possible for such a company to move unheralded. No man or boy, white or black, could be kept from a close inspection, while the women and girls contented themselves perforce with a more remote view.

Weary as the army was with the ascent, an array of six hundred men with all the splendor of gold lace and nodding plumes, the horses bravely caparisoned, and the retinue of "five-cattle teams" that had been hired to convey the heavy baggage, was a rare sight to those whose knowledge of military display had been limited to the "training" of one small company of men not even in uniform, or an occasional "trooper" as he rode to his camp.

The army wound around the base of Barn Hill, and, passing the green at New Stratford after sunset, camped in a sloping meadow a little south of the village. It was in June, "in clover-time," and there were spent and hungry

beasts of burden waiting under the star-lit skies for their well-earned meal, that would have been sadly insufficient if the patriotic William Scott had not rallied his neighbors and mowed his home-lot by the light of the rising moon.

The officers found comfortable quarters at the tavern kept by Hepzibah's brother Nehemiah. Tavern-keeping in such places was a most respectable business. The taverns were the early mail stations, and when all public transports and service were lacking mine host must be a man of responsibility—often the foremost man of the village—ready, if need be, to meet emergencies, and to be trusted with affairs pertaining to the State. He must be a man to keep his own counsel and able to counsel others, and with opportunities within reach of few for communication with the powers that be.

The French officers, de Lauzun, who spoke English readily, Dillon, de Hoën, and others, found interest and pleasure in this life. Comfortable quarters, a social and stirring host with good French blood in his veins, a man with natural ease, genial address and politeness of manner, of keen insight and discerning mind,

contrasted agreeably with army life. The other gentlemen of the village were ready for all kind and hospitable entertainment, for friendliness and courtesy, and as the full moon made the summer evenings alluring, the musicians of the army called out the gentlemen's daughters, who, to prove their sympathy with the cause of freedom, danced with the officers on the green, one of them, alas! dancing her heart away.

While the army lingered a son was born to Nehemiah, and named for the commander of the legion, "de Lauzun." When camp was broken and farewells said, one of the officers left his rapier with the squire as a souvenir, the blade of which bears to the present day the inscription of the maker in Paris.

This peaceful side of war held great charm, and every boy, were his sympathies Federal or Tory, sought the camp. Daniel's elder sons, sitting their horses with the younger boys behind them, hardly knew which side would claim their allegiance under the beauty of French uniforms and the glitter of their accoutrements. It seemed far more like leading to a successful issue than a company of men in every-day dress sup-

plemented by muskets and canteens. But they had been so thoroughly educated to respect existing authority, and they were by inheritance so entirely of that strain of loyalty that is long-enduring and slow of change, that withal they could not believe freedom desirable or attainable. So they returned to their life, little touched by the mighty signs, for when they recounted the tale of splendor every lingering influence was checked by a bidding to go into the parlor and look at the King!

So that army came and went, leaving one French soldier, Louis Luriche, on the hills, and this man told the story of the Frenchman's use of tobacco. In the early summer the tobacco, cultivated for many years in Connecticut, was in small leaf. The soldiers never having seen it growing, marvelled much over its use, and finally, with true French instinct, concluded it must be something to put in soup, which they did forthwith!

The war meant more than strife and bloodshed, defeat or victory, whichever side enlisted one's sympathies or however aloof one kept from action. There was sorrow in the hearts and

homes whose brave men came not back. There was a shadow of poverty hovering over many households, and some of the ordinary necessaries of life were attainable, if to be had at all, only at immoderate prices. Salt was $27 a bushel, and in 1777 John Adams wrote from Philadelphia, "all the old women and young children have gone to the Jersey shore to make salt." Pepper, spices, and West India products were almost out of the market; cornstalks were ground to make molasses, the West India product rising to $20 a gallon. Tea was as high as $90 a pound, butter $12, linen $20 a yard, and ordinary calico $30 and $40, the exchange of continental or colonial money for "hard money" being from 70 to 75 per cent. Even the school-boys were put to an exercise of wits for proper appliances, and as, owing to privateering, writing-paper was very scarce, they worked out their arithmetical problems on birch-bark instead Pins were not to be had for love or money, and all imported dress materials were both dear and scarce. In all these matters Federals and Loyalists suffered the same privation.

XXI

THE UNCERTAIN YEARS

This period of conflict brought other phases of life to Daniel's household. When the winter of 1778 was passing into spring, Queen Esther realized that her earthly life was drifting away also, even before its sum of years was quite threescore and ten. One night, as she and Thaddeus sat before the fire, the words that for days had been hovering about her lips were spoken with that quiet composure with which the true-hearted face not only the inevitable, but also the realization of their faith, and she told him what he could see only too well, that the hour of separation was near. So she planned his future—that the younger Thaddeus should hasten his marriage, and bring to the house he was to inherit the young wife, and kinswoman, to whose filial care she must trust the dear husband,

so close already to the burden of eighty years. She spoke not only of separation but of reunion, of the life that had been, and that would be, and her mind was at rest.

May had barely shed its beauty on the outside world when the joy of Thaddeus' home was removed, and after three years of loneliness the great light shone for him also, and his mortal body was laid beside hers in the dear churchyard at Ripton, where the gravestones remain to this day. The inscription on that of Thaddeus records their faith:

"The Woman's Seed shall bruise the Serpent's Head
And Christ shall raise his Servants from the dead."

Nor was sorrow at this sundering of earthly ties the only supreme emotion in the lives of Daniel and Mary and their children. Esther grown to sweet young maidenhood, a rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed girl, sedate and dignified, ere her eighteenth summer dawned had given heart and hand to the son of a Newtown squire and crossed the Half-way River (half way from Stratford to Woodbury) to her new home. Despite the high prices caused by the war, her setting-out was not inferior, having its full com-

plement of silver, china, pewter, linen, furniture, an "Irish-stitch" (damask) table-cloth, and two slaves, Jack and Peg.

On October 19, 1781, down in Virginia, a thrilling moment came. Between the lines of the French army, with Rochambeau at its head, and the American army led by Washington, marched a line of red-coated officers, the foremost, Major O'Hara, bearing the sword of Cornwallis, while the British drums beat the air "The world turned topsy-turvy." * To all sympathizers with the King, it seemed so, and the Federals themselves found victory at arms not the only success needed. There was long waiting and much petty warfare ere the Treaty of Peace was signed, followed by the long six years before the Constitution was adopted, during which every lawless and discontented spirit sought to take advantage of the unformed government. The Union, which, from the peril of its birth, had passed through infancy only by sacrifice and self-surrender on the part of its guardians, now, like a tempestuous boy, seemed ruled by every vagary. Firm hands and wise heads must direct its course,

* Appendix 302.

and " as victory was granted them in the hour of battle, so wisdom was now in the days of peace. The history of the world furnishes no parallel to this condition and its outcome." Even amid all the minor disturbances between '83 and '89 schools and colleges multiplied, slavery came virtually to an end at the North, commerce with China and other countries began, and, however perplexed were affairs of state, many private enterprises started on the road to success. This condition, however, obtained more in the busy centres than in the rural districts. Agriculture had suffered some neglect because of the lives given to, or lost by, the sword. A smut appeared on the wheat, caused by the " Hessian fly," an insect supposed to have been imported with the Hessians' baggage, and for fifty years after the war little or no wheat was raised in this part of western Connecticut. The slaves were variously treated. Connecticut's legislature declared all born after 1784 free at twenty-five years of age. Some masters granted freedom at once to all their colored retainers, many of whom, however, preferred remaining where they were sure of care and comfort, finding their interests too

closely identified with their masters' to desire change, but some were ever ready to give themselves to any disturbance. Among the latter was Bose, a " likely " negro of Daniel's, about seventeen years old, who, under the influence of other restless spirits, ran away in 1787 to join Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, finding his way back, however, after a brief period, no longer a lad of promise, but with impaired mind, having doubtless received a severe blow on the head. Bose was a native African who had come into Daniel's household during the early years of the war. He was very black, of a forbidding countenance, and had given promise of much capacity, but returned from his adventure with a cloud over his nature as well as over his mind. It was evident that he had been overcome, recovered himself, and again plunged into the fray, as, although after his return he never spoke unless spoken to, his reply was always supplemented with " fought agin." Every morning he appeared before his master for orders, for, being no longer capable of taking his place with the able-bodied workers, he was set about lighter matters, and on receiving directions his reply was invariably, " Yis, sir;

fought agin," unless he doubled the emphasis with " fought agin; yis, sir; fought agin." The boys of the neighborhood held him in awe, for, although he watched them at their games without disturbing them, he was never seen to smile; but they had difficulty in hiding their own amusement when, at their request, those more at home with him would ask a simple question for the sake of hearing the inevitable " fought agin."

There seemed also to arise in him some memory of a past in a far-off land, that found expression in certain rites undoubtedly full of meaning to him, devoid of it as they appeared to others. Sticks of a certain length, carefully notched, and particular pieces of string, carried always in his pockets, were brought out at every leisure moment, and, with a muttering like an incantation, were handled with the same spirit of devotion a Romanist has for a rosary. With these sticks and strings he measured everything, and if mischievous little boys laid hands on them, he simply procured others as soon as possible, with never a look or word of blame. His pockets also contained bits of salt pork, with which he greased not only these treasures but his garters and hat-

band. These rites seemed of such importance to his disordered mind that he was not disturbed in them, and in all ways was treated by Daniel with that kind consideration that marks the gentleman who is both Christian and master.

Benjamin, the second son, though "brought up to college," had not fulfilled that expectation. The war was a disturber of many plans; the Latin Grammar did not prove entrancing, for the bright eyes and laughing words of a girl had cast a spell over him that even the associations of "Brainerd's Rock" could not withstand. David Brainerd, of Haddam, the first missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, having been expelled from Yale College because of his sympathy with Whitefield's preaching, had been kindly received by the Rev. Jedediah Mills, who considered the treatment unjust, and he was by him prepared for the ministry. About half a mile from Mr. Mills' house at the Centre, back from the highway and under spreading branches, in a peaceful meadow, was a great boulder, which the persecuted student sought so often that the tradition thereof made it a resort for scholars of several generations. But the influence failed when

Benjamin had so charming a vision ever before his mind's eye, and he was not sorry when, during the war the Yale classes being scattered, the freshmen at Farmington, sophomores and juniors at Glastonbury, and a few seniors under Tutor Dwight in New Haven, there seemed no sureness of outcome, and his line of life passed from books to nature, from Latin roots to Mother Earth's harvests.

XXII

ST. PUMPKIN'S DAY AND CHRISTMAS

For the Churchman the result of the war was fraught with consequences almost beyond his hopes. It was with deep joy and thankfulness in the hearts of those who loved her orders and her services that the Rev. Samuel Seabury, duly elected Bishop of Connecticut, set sail to receive consecration for that holy office. It was granted, as it proved, not at the hands of the English bishops, who were prohibited by the English ministry from delegating such power to one who could not swear allegiance to the King, but at the hands of the nonjuring bishops, the Scotch hierarchy at Aberdeen.

Seabury's sympathy had not been with the Declaration of Independence. In 1775 he had suffered persecution, arrest, confinement, and destruction of property, and had finally taken refuge in New York, acting as chaplain to the

Loyal American (Tory) regiment. At the end of the war he did not embark for Nova Scotia before Sir Guy Carleton withdrew his forces from New York, as did many under inducement from the Crown, but remained, believing that the way would be opened for the church of his love and devotion.

The years of struggle had tempered his feeling, and, with strong hope, Seabury left the shores of New England, to be invested by the Right Reverend Fathers in God with the power that would enable his "Mother the Church" to bear her full measure in forming the lives of many who were to grow up as rulers and servants in the new nation. In oneness of purpose much party feeling had been buried. Philemon Robbins of Bradford, who preached openly after the Stamp Act in favor of resistance, and condemned the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, as "a doctrine held only by the high-flying Churchman," had no longer need for his terms of reproach, and Seabury's own words that he "presumed the Church people had as much religion as their neighbors," would not now be uttered in the same ironical spirit.

On Seabury's first visitation as Bishop to the various parishes, he confirmed not only the young who were "sufficiently instructed," but those of all ages who had been admitted to the Holy Communion, which, in parishes including several churches, sometimes numbered a few hundreds. The church at Ripton again opened its doors, and it was with deep gratitude that Parson Newton, so long loved and honored, gathered his flock before him, ministering to them as of old. And he was thankful that in his latter days he could present to the Bishop his body of communicants, who were all well-instructed Churchmen ready to receive the rite of confirmation, so far known to them only as an inheritance due but not accorded, save to the few who had crossed the sea to receive the rite.

Again Christmas and Easter might be kept as a Churchman would, for, despite New England influence, Christmas was to members of the historic church more important than Thanksgiving. No member of a church household willingly remained away from the special service which, with the Sacrament, gave the day its highest character. The Christmas-eve service was

of interest to many outside the flock. The dressing of evergreens and the windows lighted by rows of candles made an attraction irresistible to the meeting-house children who were allowed to attend this one church service of the year.

If the snow lay deep or the roads were rough, ox-carts and sleds served as conveyances. On a bright Christmas morning when the white blanket of winter was spread over meadow, hillside, and roadway, an ox-sled guarded at each side by an upright board, and seated with six kitchen chairs, placed two abreast, waited while Jube chose his best whip, and with many directions settled in place the elder and the younger slaves. 'Mandy, with numberless cautions, left the fire and the closed oven-door to Moll's care, and with the little ones crowded about her kept a place for her mother-in-law still living at the house of Thaddeus. Master and mistress, with their own children, had led the way on horses, and thus the "keeping Christmas" was begun. It seemed to the children to have begun before, as there had been offerings made to the god of fire for days. The little hands wearied not in bringing in chips and kindlings to aid the bak-

ing and the boiling, and the store-room door closed on a mine. Which of them could count the pies of mince and tart, of pumpkin, and apple, in long rows on the shelves, or measure the depths of the cider-apple-sauce in the big stone-pots? And there were meats ready for the carver, ham and tongue pink and tender, spare-ribs and chicken-pies, loaves of cake that showed crisped raisins, and an infinitude of cookies that, no matter how earnestly 'Mandy tried to hide the secret of their making, the opening of the oven-door always betrayed.

Christmas, and Thanksgiving Day also (the latter called in derision by Churchmen St. Pompion's, or St. Pumpkin's, Day), were the rallying days for families. As years flew by, the children of Daniel and Mary having settled in their own homes here and there, the younger households grew in numbers, and there were gay gatherings within the walls and under the roof, so elastic in its hospitality and measureless in its welcome. Ingenuity was often put to the test to place all remaining over the nights, and although the greater number arrived after the church service, and sought their own homes in the early

or late evenings, those living remotely were sure of comfort.

The long dining-table and small tables set in the corners of the room for the children, made a "board" groaning indeed with its plenitude, around which all stood with the hush of reverence while grace was said. The children's eyes shone as the young pig, roasted to a turn and bearing a red apple in his mouth, followed the boiled Indian pudding, of which sympathetic mothers had served them sparingly knowing there were daintier bits to follow, for no child properly trained might leave a portion uneaten. Eager appetites, but restrained hands, took thankfully all that was assigned of baked and boiled, stewed quinces and apple-sauce, pickled samphire and home-made cheese, pies and custards, while there was endless liberty afterward among the apples in the cellar and the nuts in the garret.

The children played the games their fathers and mothers had played, and when evening prayers and the good-byes to those who lived near were said, then the old house spread its wide wings and the hours of silence found the beds and

trundle-beds that had been well warmed by the long-handled brass warming-pan, all showing the forms of sleepers. Even the "cricket-bedstead"—the old-time cot-bed made by two pairs of cross-pieces (French *criquet*) connected by poles and spread with heavy tow-cloth—that with one end tucked under 'Mandy's couch held usually one of her grandchildren, was pulled out at full length, and little woolly-heads at both ends proved the surrender of other resting-places. For Esther had come from Newtown with Philo, her husband, and Peg as aid and nurse to their little ones.

When the children were safely drifted into the stream of sleep, the elders sat long before the glowing fires in affectionate and happy companionship, and from the steaming punch-bowl drank to each other in good wishes for the future, then before separating, and all standing, they drank in silence "to the memory of the departed."

XXIII

THE DAUGHTER'S EDUCATION

Son after son coming of age had received a portion of land—the property qualification necessary to make him a voter—and, soon marrying, had settled on the hills near or far. Thaddeus in the grandfather's house, Benjamin on Booth's Hill, Jeremiah on Israel's Hill, William and Gershom on Grassy Hill, Esther in Newtown, left by the time Gloriana reached young ladyhood, only Isaiah at home and the younger brother Victory.

Gloriana, in figure like her father, tall and slight, with brown hair and gray eyes, of bright mind and clear comprehension, had the pride, the aspirations, and the day-dreams of most young girls. As at Esther's marriage she was but ten years old, she had grown up as the only daughter of the household, her father's especial

pride and delight, and the only daughter of a man of wealth might well expect a good share of the opportunities of life, and a gratification of such desires as stirred her ambition or her fancy. But travel was arduous and not undertaken save for necessity. An occasional ride in the saddle to Stratford or Newtown, and possibly once in a year or two to New Haven, made the farthest bound of outings. The interest of one's environment sufficed in large measure, and there was little printed record to stir a desire for journeyings for the mere sake of so doing.

The business interests of the inland families were still effectively served by the able captains. Marketable products of all kinds, candles and tow-cloth, beeswax, and flaxseed, goose-quills by the hundred and hogs' bristles by the pound, shoe-thread and feathers as well as fruits, vegetables, salted meats, and cider, were consigned with confidence to Robert Moore, captain of the schooner Sea-cow, and the other captains at The Landing, Ripton's seaport, or to those who sailed from The Narrows at Derby, or from the Pequonnock.

Remote from the competitive centres as the

life was, its standard was never lowered, and Daniel himself being counted "very dressy," had an eye to whatever might reasonably be obtained for personal adornment for wife and daughter, as well as for himself, and kept some pace with the novelties in house-furnishing. England had begun manufacturing pottery and porcelain, and, although the neighbors feared lest the hard surface should dull the edges of the knives, they could not withhold their envy and admiration for the dark-blue and white Spode dinner-service. It was at first reserved for state occasions, but ere long supplanted pewter on the master's table, sending the latter to the slaves' kitchen to take the place of wooden plates.

Rag-carpets had been evolved from the brain of some inventive weaver, and while an ingrain carpet honored the parlor, strips, or whole coverings of "hit-or-miss" rag-carpet gradually swept the sand from the other floors. The parlor gloried in a wall-paper of rich floral pattern, and later in a mirror with a wide all-gilt frame, and four blue and white vases for the mantelpiece completed its adornment. Glass-ware be-

came common, and wash-bowls and pitchers of blue and white English pottery were a marked advance over the coarse earthen-ware, and the pewter, brass, and wooden basins of earlier use. Mary was indulged in a black satin cardinal cloak, "7 yards of black satin at 8/6 a yard, $2\text{–}^{3}/_{4}\text{–}^{1}/_{8}$ yards of black Persian for lining at 9/," to which was added a wide lace to trim the collar.

There were as yet no boarding-schools, and Gloriana had but the advantages of the district-school, and the singing-school held every winter in the evenings in the little school-house, one of the regular pleasures, both social and musical, for the young people. All learned to read music, Andrew Law's "Rudiments of Music" being the usual text-book. The selections were chiefly hymns and anthems, and the preliminary instruction gave the pronunciation of the notes "faw," "law," etc., also the admonition, "the principal thing in singing is to have the heart deeply effected by the great truth matter in our melody, that it be done with solemnity, and due reverence before the Judge of quick and dead."

As there was little of the outer world by which

to measure themselves, there was bred in these isolated communities a spirit of repose and content, ambition never slumbering, but free from restlessness. Youth, as always, found its pleasure in frequent meetings for dancing, riding, boating, and the strolls and visits ever dear. The semi-annual "Trainings" were the great excitement, full of life and bustle, and a chance for meeting strangers. Ripton had its ball-room, and the great Leavenworth house down by the river was a centre for pleasure. The older house, "the mansion," built by Dr. Thomas Leavenworth in 1685, was wonderfully adorned with hangings of arras and other articles of value brought by him from England. In 1778 his grandson, Gideon Leavenworth, built the red house, and to it some of the hangings were removed. This ambitious and enterprising builder and ship-owner brought from New York in one of his vessels a Frenchman who frescoed the parlor in fine arabesque pattern, painting also the family coat-of-arms on the chimney-breast. In the upper story of this house was a ball-room, for Mr. Leavenworth having several daughters, desired to make his house a centre for pleasure,

the "balls" being simply dancing-parties as always, more exclusive than public balls.

Mary herself, fond of social pleasures, was ever ready for any festivity, and also to mount her horse and canter off for a friendly visit. Cousin Charity's house was one goal and Hepzibah's another, the visits growing in value as the years passed, and friendship proved its strength, but if she saw the traces of years on her friends, she was herself, in feeling and activity, as young as when she first came to reign over the great house.

The Tories were slow in coming into public office, but those who had been prominent in the days of warfare were so now in the days of peace. Captain Beach was a member of the legislature at Hartford, and Charity, accompanying him there, gave opportunity for the painting of their portraits by an English artist, who faithfully reproduced the elderly but still handsome captain, with his high collar and ruffled shirt, and his queenly Charity in gown of brown satin, white cap, and kerchief, and the double row of gold beads she had worn since her marriage. These finely painted portraits, and those of

Squire Mills and his wife, at Ripton, by the same hand, moved the neighborhood to a high state of interest and excitement, for whatever one or another brought from busier centres was freely exhibited, and was the subject of comment, or approval, perhaps of envy.

The very small "tea-dishes" of Mary's marriage were supplemented by those of newer pattern, set with a wreath of flowers about the brim. The cups and saucers had grown larger, custard-cups with handles had appeared, and tea-sets of black Wedgwood were sometimes to be had at the store of Squire Mills in Ripton, which had long been of wide reputation and included everything needed for house or farm, for master or servant, for food or clothing.

By 1786, *The New Haven Gazette and Connecticut Magazine* began to find its way to the hills regularly, William Carpenter, the post-rider, delivering it at appointed stations. Such easy and frequent contact with the world beyond marked an epoch, and the eight pages, each about twelve inches square, published at 9/ per annum, were thoroughly read and digested, the advertisements of various kinds being of increasing interest.

No matter how important are affairs of state, personality is attractive, and even if it is strangers that advertise—"Stolen in New Haven a white satin cloak (woman's) lined with light blue Persian, trimmed with white thread lace"—"Lost out of saddle-bags black taffety sack and petticoat, claret-colored taffety and a crimson colored miffinet gown"—that feeling is stirred that makes the whole world kin.

XXIV

YOUNG LADYHOOD

STRATFORD village, the home of maternal grandparents and numberless kindred, could add much to the gayety of a girl's life, and Gloriana knew well what pleasure she might find at Lazy Bank, in Tea-party Lane, and all up and down the wide street from Paradise Green to Sandy Hollow. Here she met her first lover, who, ere she was seventeen, had gone so far in his courting as to write to her with better fervor than orthography, with a flourish of capitals and exaltation of feeling, the latter serving to entangle expression and to prove his youth. The letter, with signature carefully cut out, has been thus long preserved.

STRATFORD, March 22nd, 1788.

Dr. MISS.

Since our last happy meeting it's with pleasure I inform you that I have enjoyed my health

as usual, hoping these to find you in the like situation. O Gloriana may that Last happy time with the blessing of God, When I had those Endearing sentiments of your soul Bestowed upon me Add lasting happiness to that striking Object of which I [signature cut out renders a few words illegible]. But oh, let not the little Distance we are appart deprive us of Each other—with a pleasing melancholy this letter takes place instead of my person. But as it's the lott of many must submitt, hoping the little Vacation Between our personal Appearance to wear away when I may Embrace that happy moment in Being with a long & absent friend—and Could wish that our absence may add Lasting friendship to our future happiness. The subject on which we talkt of is firmly established & only your Complyance wanting to Compleat our happiness. Your Countenance Actions and lovely features is not out of my mind one moment and as you have the charge of my heart you'l hold it sacred on my account. As this Bosom Pin is prickt through this letter so I hope your heart Linkt in with mine and hope will be as lasting as Abraham & Abdely who lived in perfect peace and harmony.

Writing and Receiving of Letters Especially from a friend is Very Beneficial. But to Receive one from your Ladyship I shall esteem as heaven's blessing. But either by meeting personally or by letters would be the means of Reviving that little acquaintance which I have had with you, and to support a Correspondence which if it should prove otherways would be an Embarrassment not small.

I have nothing more to advise of at present only that all friends are well and my Complyments to all yours. I hope to see you soon As I cannot live so Abstemious a life, so after wishing you all the happiness this world Can afford, which I expect you'l let me have a little share of, I in the interim of time Remain your Ever Affectionate friend & Lover

.....

N.B. An Answer from you by the same Bearer would be Convayd with safety—which I shall expect.

So no more at present."

The large time-yellowed sheet still shows where a long pin had been " prickt " through it,

and undoubtedly treasured as well as the letter, even though the youth built on too slight a foundation, for after a time the correspondence ceased, and Gloriana finding life full of pleasure, felt no haste to enter into matrimony. When she sat at her chamber-window facing the sunset, putting fine even stitches in her embroidery, she pondered on this lover and that, and though their little gifts might be treasured, and the letters well conned, there was but " nay " to answer.

There was great readiness to take up a pen, and frequent opportunity to send a letter by hand of passing friend or neighbor; girls who found each other congenial were quick to bridge the separating distance by frequent communications, and interchange of confidences. Down in Oronoque, on the way to Stratford, a fine old house still remembered, was named by the romantic daughter for Petrarch's home in France, *Vaucluse*, and the girl's letters bore that heading. Gloriana's dearest girl-friend, however, was a Miss Patty, of North Stratford, and even if they met with much regularity on Sundays, there was always something to be said on week-

days. Miss Patty thus begins the correspondence:

"With pleasure do I dedicate these spare moments to the Sweet converse with my much esteemed friend—for when I take a Retrospective vew of the past year of pleasure & improvement I have enjoyed in your company I flatter myself the pleasing Anticipation of an agreeable & happy Correspondence to be *commenced* and when *commenced* I hope it may be long continued and promoted. I should be glad to know how you spent your time or who with a-Training—we spent our time very agreeable—there was allmost every Lad here from Danbury—I am certain had you been here your heart would have been pierced if it had not been Marble—I hope to see you at Church Sunday if nothing happens more than I expect I shall be there. "Good by from her who never ceases to admire you & is by every sentiment of humanity" yours in esteem and friendship

PATTY.

P.S. Love to all."

Over more than a century has drifted downward some of Miss Patty's confidences, frag-

mentary, but giving their evidence of the oneness of humanity, however the age and environment may differ:

1788.

Dear Miss.

Yours of Sunday evening lies before me. It is an old observation that it "is much easier to continue a Correspondence than to begin one." I fully join with you as to the absence of Ideas in the first forming acquaintance; this obstacle being now Removed I hope for the future all letters may follow the fate of the first.

I am exceedingly fond of Corresponding with both Gentlemen and Ladies, particularly the latter and still more especially those possessed of the first and Richest of Heaven's gifts:—*A Susceptible Heart!* The Breast that can feel for another's woes; the eye that can glisten with another's sorrows; the mind that can sympathize in a stranger's adversity or participate in their pleasure, is as much superior to a Bosom of Common feelings as the charm of the" . . .

. . .

It is a source of regret that but this fragment

remains, for the *finale* must have stirred Miss Patty deeply. All her correspondents were not equally fervent. One addressing her with no formal beginning wrote:

"Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he grow weary" Saith the Scripture. "Withdraw thy foot" Replies the feelings to a too frequent visitor. I look down street every night wishing to see you, but I am at your house quite too often, I know I am, for a stranger. I conclude some of the Ladies are not very anxious to See me. I Remember *one* of them told me she would let me know when they visited Miss Eunice Curtiss, I was not admitted last Monday even,—however, all one tomorrow.

But to tell you the truth! I have not Seen a well Day for near a fortnight and whether ever I shall again or not is uncertain. But I am prepared for almost everything; lightly esteem this world. I think I have some desire to sail upon a star. I have chosen mine, I view it every clear night, I contemplate futurity, there is something very pleasing to me in the tho'ts of a future existence that I can fully let go all finite enjoyments: forgive me I am in a thought-

ful mood this morning—you well know I am fond of Your Correspondence.

Yours this 29th Day

T. M.

The marriage of Isaiah left only the younger Victory at home with Gloriana, but the maiden never lacked "a squire" when festivities called out pleasure-lovers, and, in her fine gowns of pearl-gray and peach-blow satin, the tall girl failed not of observation. The slippers worn with those rich gowns were of the same satin, and there were others of black kid bound with deep yellow, the very pointed toes wrought with beads and spangles. All travelling was still on saddle and pillion, and the ride to Ripton church, was with a fine gown pinned up about the waist, and covered with a dust-cloth. Long mitts covered the bare arms and the hands that held the prayer-book bound in red and gold morocco. Besides the service of the sanctuary there was the usual chance for friendly meetings, the luncheon at a kinsman's house, the strolling among the graves in the churchyard, reading for the hundredth time that outlet for the re-

pressed feeling of the day—the sentimental verse inscribed on the tombstone—and the opportunity to give a bashful swain a few words that might prove a sweet cud for his meditation.

XXV

BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

By the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Proclamation.

Whereas it is the Duty of all Nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his Benefits, and humbly to implore his Protection and Favor; And whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "To recommend to the People of the United States a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer to be observed by acknowledging with grateful Hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God especially by affording them an Opportunity peaceably to establish a Form of Government for their Safety and Happiness,"

Now therefore, I do recommend and assign

Thursday, the Twenty-sixth Day of November next to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the benificent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be:

That we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble Thanksgiving for his kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation; for the signal and manifold Mercies and the favorable Interpositions of his Providence in the Course and Conclusion of the late war; for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union, and Plenty, which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious Liberty with which we are blessed, and the Means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful Knowledge;—and in general for all the great and various Favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And also, That we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and Supplications

to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other Transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private Stations, to perform our several and relative Duties properly and punctually;—to render our national Government a Blessing to all the People by constantly being a Government of wise, just, and Constitutional Laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good Government, Peace, and Concord; to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the Encrease of Science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all Mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

GIVEN under my Hand at the City of New York, the third Day of October in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-nine.

G. WASHINGTON."

As this was read in all the churches on the following Sunday, even those whose sympathies

had not been with the war could enter into its spirit with sincerity, the manifold blessings of peace and an established government moving all to rejoicing and gratitude. The clouds that had darkened the dawning of the new nation's life were finally dispelled, and its sun had risen in a clearer sky.

The year 1789 proved a memorable one for Ripton; asserting its independence of Stratford, it became a town, naming itself with patriotic enthusiasm for one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Governor of the State, "Huntington." But with all the pride in the present, the old name dear to so many, and that came "more trippingly on the tongue," lingered in common usage, and even after a hundred years have passed it is still uttered, bearing to those who use it an association reaching back to the older days and people, the oldest homes and graves.

Ripton was worthy of honor, sending out to the greater world illustrious sons and daughters, to fill places of power in the great cities, to found new communities in the ever-opening "West," to drift as does the soil from the hill-

sides to the valleys, enchaining the rivers, and enriching the world with the power of water as the fathers had with the power of land. Some remained on the ancestral acres, firm ground for the growth of true manhood and loyal citizenship, of sturdy principles, of valor and strength, that would again be at the nation's service, even those whose hearts turned formerly to the King bidding a son God-speed to aid the war of 1812.

After Victory's marriage Gloriana was left alone with her parents. The large estate was greatly diminished by setting off to the various sons their portions, and the slaves, suffering also by division and somewhat by death, were fewer. But it was still a house of plenty, of comfort, of hospitality, with a coming and going that made the remote life full of variety. Of occupation there was no limit. A girl had always the freedom of spinning all she would, and the woven product was hers. No maiden properly brought up would think herself prepared to marry until she had at least ten pairs of linen sheets and had knitted a pillow-case full of stockings. Linen was woven a yard wide, and in such length that,

cut in two and sewed together, the "web" would make a sheet. After leaving the loom it must be bleached. The bleaching-ground was east of the house, where the wide level reaches over to its rocky abutment, and there, under the May sun, the linen, fastened by tapes at the corners to pegs driven in the ground, was first well sprinkled with weak lye and then with water several times daily, until it seemed a veritable snowdrift on the short grass. A new design in weaving, called "Stratford Beauty," which maids and matrons went wild over, originated with Silas Burton. There was always a choice of "weaves"—basket, diaper, and bird's-eye, for none wished to be behind the fashion. Coins were also a part of a girl's accumulation that they might be converted into spoons, against the day when she should preside at her own table.

Gloriana watched the bleaching of her linen May after May, delighting in its fineness and whiteness, even sometimes sending flax to the pond in Stratford to be rotted, as the result was whiter if that process took place in salt water. She had a supply of blankets also, white and blue and yellow plaids, almost a decoration

in themselves. She grew very proud of her store, overflowing from one chest to another, all carefully hemmed and marked in fine cross-stitch with her initials, each initial being followed by as many small dots as would complete the letters of the name.

The increase of periodicals was valued. A new commercial centre called Newfield started in Stratford at the mouth of the Pequonnock. Thither went merchants from the interior, and enterprise soon formed the nucleus of the future city of Bridgeport. A new paper, called, prophetically, it seems, *The American Telegraph*, was put forth, and its items and advertisements were eagerly sought. Newfield represented home interests much more than New Haven, but even though *The Telegraph* might reprint a letter from Calcutta, news from the ships in the Mediterranean, and records of various countries, personal interest was touched by the fact that " Geese in public pound are to be sold in 24 hours after advertising on public sign-post. Rate of poundage for each Goose Two cents, whereof three quarters to the impounders and one quarter to the Key-keeper." Runa-

way negroes, articles lost and found, and the household necessaries advertised for sale, were important. Marriages and deaths were not grouped, but tucked anywhere in the corners. Books were largely advertised: "*Calvinism Improved* or the *Gospel Illustrated* as a system of *Real Grace*, issuing in the Salvation of All Men." A review of the book in the following issue assured the possible readers that "the style is neat, easy and perspicuous." The name of Tom Paine had come to be synonymous with all horrors, and some one advertised: "In despite of Deism, Tom Paine and the Devil the following very valuable book is offered for sale, *The Pious Christian*."

The New York *Weekly Museum*, four small pages published at a dollar and a half a year, gave news of the greater seaport, and, ere a consignment of the land's resources was shipped, a careful list could be made from its tempting columns. Gilt Writing Paper was for sale at the Magazine Store near the Tea-Water Pump. John Harrisson's Book Shop at Peck Slip—much of the shopping was at Peck Slip—offered "The Ladies' Friend, being a Treatise on the

Virtues and Qualifications which are the Brightest Ornaments of the Fair Sex and render THEM most agreeable to the SENSIBLE PART OF MANKIND." The *Museum* gave also a glimpse of the world beyond, unattainable, save in imagination:

"TO THE CURIOUS.

A BEAUTIFUL AFRICAN LION

To be seen every day, Sundays excepted, at the Ball alley in the Fields next to the corner of Murray Street in Broadway.

"He was caught in the woods of Goree in Africa, when a whelp and brought from thence to New York."

"THEATRE.

King Richard III by the Old American Company.

"Doors open a Quarter after Four and the curtain drawn up a Quarter after Six o'clock. Box 8*s*., Pit 6*s*., Gallery 4*s*."

"A MORNING SCHOOL, 26 VEASY S

"Young Ladies only will be admitted; his time of attendance will be from 6 to 8 o'clock. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and Geography will be principally attended to (or either of them). Other branches if desired."

Or more desirable might be

"ATTENTION!!! YOUNG LADIES.

At no. 60 Catharine St., Are taught the following branches of Education to Youth of both Sexes, viz, Reading, Wrighting, Arithmetic, English Grammer, Latin

and Greek, Geography, Composition, Speaking, Navigation, Guaging, Surveying, Mensuration, Book-Keeping and Tambouring to Young Ladies on the most reasonable terms; also an Evening School is now open for Young Men and Apprentices. Poor Girls are taught Gratis on Sabbath Days."

The *Museum* had ways of its own. Selected verse was grouped under the head "Court of Apollo;" marriages under "Court of Hymen;" while deaths were classed as "Melancholy," and when the tidings of Robert Burns' death was recorded, the universal regret was expressed by:

> "The Muses droop
> Genius unprop'd begins to stoop
> Her bard is gone."

There were tailors, milliners, hair-dressers, mantua-makers offering novelties, and also shops that advertised dress-goods, jewellery, household goods, etc., and among more serious matters the verse:

"A wedding's a wedding the universe over
From Pekin to London, from Turkey to Dover,
Married folks are the same wherever they're born
From the Cape of Good Hope till you double Cape Horn."

The year 1796 marked a new venture in periodicals and one number, perhaps the only one

that reached it, has come down from the old house. It is 4 by 7 inches in size and of two dozen pages:

"THIS DAY is published
(Price 25 cents)
No II of the
Lady & Gentleman's
Pocket Magazine
of
Literary & Polite Amusement
New York
Printed by John Tiebout No. 358 Pearl St.
1796."

The contents are classified in Biographiana, Scrapiana, Tales, Travels, Select Poetry, Marriages, and Deaths, a note on the back cover saying, "A Box is placed in the window under Homer's head no. 358 Pearl Street for the reception of notes from correspondents &c.," and elsewhere the end of this century seems anticipated by a notice: "Those who procure twelve subscribers will receive a thirteenth copy gratis."

The "book-closet" increased in wealth and variety. "The Stories of Sindbad and Aladdin," "The History of Miss Betsey Thoughtless," "Theodore; or, the Gamester's Progress," "Charlotte Temple," "The Coquette; or, the

History of Eliza Wharton, a Novel Founded on Fact," and others, lightened the heavier reading of "Exercises of the Heart, by the Late Pious and Ingenious Mrs. Rowe," "Lockhart's History of Scotland," "Josephus," and the serious books of the day. The usual bent, however, was for improving literature, and the long sentences of involved thought then in fashion were enjoyed. Green's *Annual Register*, although only 4 by 6 inches in size, was a mine of information. In addition to the regular almanac, its weather predictions interspersed with moral sayings, "Life is ½ spent before we know what it is to live," historical records, saints' days, college commencement and other dates, it gave the rulers of all countries, the public officers of this country, with all those in every capacity in the State, roads, tables of interest, values of foreign coins, and the relative values of New England, New York, and the Carolina currencies; in fact, answering almost every question of an inquiring mind.

Thus the touch was kept with things remote, feeling was stirred with sympathy, with ambition, with mutual interests; patriotism grew in

hearts that had doubted as firmly as in those that saw with clearer vision, and when, on July 4, 1795, there being then fifteen States admitted to the Union, the corner-stone for the State House in Boston was drawn into place by fifteen white horses, amid great rejoicing, the echo thereof might have been heard throughout New England.

XXVI

YOUTH AND AGE

Dr. Jenner had not as yet blessed the world with the discovery of the value of vaccination, and small-pox was the great dread of the day. In 1777 six hundred persons were ill with it at one time in Stratford township, and "fear is a burned child!" The positive horror felt for the disease was so great that the treatment of the unfortunate victims seemed almost inhuman, save that there was no other way known to avoid danger. A student, obliged to leave Yale College because of illness, found his weary way to a native hill-top, and, on arriving, the dreaded symptoms having developed and his parents not being alive, he was allowed no refuge but an old barn, dying there after scant care, and, as was customary, was buried at midnight. Pest-houses were established, where a person exposed to the

disease must retreat, and, even when he returned home cured, he could not be allowed to enter his own house for some days, but must sleep in an outbuilding until the fear of contagion had worn off. Inoculation began to be practised, the virus being taken from a human being, not, as by Jenner, from the cow, and giving "the genuine, not the kine-pox." Notices of the establishment of pest-houses were published:

"INOCULATION."

"The Authority & Select Men of Fairfield having again appointed the House now occupied by Capt. Nathan Adams for *Inoculation*, the subscriber proposes to receive Patients therein, from this date to the last of April next. And as no one died of inoculation last year, as no one was dangerous, as no one had it the natural way after inoculation, and as no one gave it to any person after they left the Pest-House, he thinks it will be a sufficient encouragement for those who wish to have the Small Pox this season to put themselves under his care.

HOSEA HURLBERT.

GREENFIELD, January 11th, 1797."

In 1799 Ripton—or Huntington—issued a declaration:

"Whereas two thirds of the Inhabitants Legally assembled in Town meeting in Huntington . . . Voted that they gave Liberty for the Inoculation of the Small-Pox . . . In consequence of which, we the Major Part of the Civil Authority and Select Men.....upon the application of.....and other inhabitants of said Huntington.....Do Grant Permission for the Small-Pox to be communicated by Inoculation at the following houses set apart for the Purpose .....and they are strictly required to pay Careful attention to, and be Intirely under the Order, Rules, and Regulations.....to wit:—

1stly. (Setting apart certain houses.)

2ndly. (Appointing Doctors for the Houses with Tenders and Nurses.)

3rdly. We do further order that no Person or Persons who may receive the Small-Pox by Inoculation and Enter said Houses, and during his, her, or their continuance there may not go more than fifteen rods from said Houses Severally, and the Nurses and Tenders are to ob-

serve the same rule, and said Nurses and Tenders are Directed to have a well-loaded musket while at said Houses and to kill every Dog & Cat that shall come within gunshot of said houses."

4thly. (Directions for disinfecting.)

5thly. (Forbidding persons having heretofore had the Small-Pox from going within certain distance.)

6th. (Committee for disinfecting.)

7th. (Forbidding all Persons to receive Inoculation except under above rules.)

N.B. (Certain repetitions of above and the order to make four copies of this act one for each Pest-House . nd one to be set on each of two public signposts.)"

Duly signed by Civil Authority, etc.

This process produced a mild type of smallpox, very rarely proving fatal, and Gloriana, like many others, sought relief from the ever-present fear by entering the pest-house, enduring the discomfort, isolation, and confinement, for the sake of the relief to herself and others.

The last sands of the century were running

out when the earthly life dearest to American hearts came to an end. The boys in all the school-houses wore crape on their left arms for six months, in memory of Washington, who was "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," and who had proved the nation's hope, piloting her through the worst storms, and gaining for her a firm anchorage. New days were to come, a new century was near, and the training through struggle and difficulty had fitted many for the present duties. The young navy was bearing itself bravely, and there was a settling into place, while the eye looked with steady gaze into the future. States and statesmen gave proud allegiance, and the nation proved her power.

In 1801 Gloriana reached the age of thirty, quite an advanced one for a single woman, and still no suitor had appeared whom she would favor. But the new century had lost but a few of its years when she met in Derby a widower about her own age, whose suit was duly approved. In addition to the fact that he pleased her fancy, and was well-esteemed, she weighed others. He had recently bought a comfortable house, he was a merchant,

he lived in a town, *and she could walk to church!* Having lived always four miles from the Centre, the base for supplies, material and spiritual, there was a strong power in the thought of being in the midst of things and within short walking distance of the greatest of all desires and attractions. Mere romance had had its day, and the weightier side of a new life was considered, resulting in Gloriana's being transplanted from hill-top to valley, from comparative isolation to the variety and activity of a town with its social and business interests, its river and shipping, and its contact with neighbors separated, not by long acres or steep hill-sides, but by door-yards.

The old house, nearing its "latitude 50°," felt a delightful flutter in renewing its youth, and in again preparing for a wedding. Gloriana's chests were full indeed. They held no less than thirty pairs of linen sheets, with towels and table linen, blankets and coverlids, curtains, and valances in profusion. Nor was the quota of stockings lacking, nor the linen underclothing, gowns and petticoats, scarfs and riding-cloaks, or whatever was of use, of fashion, or of heart's

desire. Calico was very expensive, therefore more to be desired than satin. The wedding-gown of India calico, a dark blue ground spread with gold-colored flowers, was short-waisted and long-sleeved, with the skirt puckered on the belt in the most approved style.

For furnishings also the latest patterns must be had. There was a long sideboard on slim legs, with curving front and rich brasses, its pretty cupboard stocked with tea-dishes, finely fluted decanters and wineglasses. A gilded eagle rested on top of the parlor mirror, which reflected the vases and candlesticks on the mantelpiece. There were spindle-legged tables and fiddle-back chairs, and those of newer style painted black, with gilt scroll-work. For her own apartment there was an "*escritoire*," really a chest of drawers, the front of the upper drawer letting down on hinges to serve for a desk. This fine piece of work in cherry was inlaid with holly in little shields and fine lines, and the brasses, chosen with care, were ever a lesson to a good mother and housewife, the back-plate of each handle showing a bee-hive and the motto "Nothing without labor."

Then there were small, square washstands, pier-foot tables, swell-front bureaus, long mirrors with inlaid frames, or small oval ones swinging over a shallow drawer set on the dressing-table. And there were bedsteads with arched canopy-frames, to be hung with figured calico, chintz, or checkered linen, and window curtains of the same, all bordered with fringe of netting and tassels.

The neighbors, making their formal or friendly visits, always welcomed an opportunity to examine the fine Chinese and English ware, the large platters and open dishes of white, edged with a fringe of green, the more common blue and white willow pattern, mugs and odd plates from India, and a few bits of Wedgwood. Teaspoons were still small and light, but tablespoons were heavy and rich in decoration. Tankards had gone out of fashion, and china charmed the eye for the tea-service. Gloriana's predecessor had left a daughter and two sons; the daughter, Zerviah, grown to attractive young maidenhood, had "a beau," the captain of a merchant vessel sailing for China, and by him Gloriana sent for her best tea-set, which, duly

arriving, when unpacked from its nest of tow revealed coffee- and tea-dishes, helmet pitcher, sugar- and slop-bowls, tea-caddy and cake plates, all decorated with a border of gold stars, each piece bearing a finely painted eagle holding the American shield inscribed with Gloriana's initials. Delicate in quality and fine in workmanship, this tea-set was the marvel of the neighborhood. Others had come in a similar way, but no other so fine had appeared, and the tea-parties at which it figured were long remembered.

Gloriana's husband was part owner in a sloop in which he went to New York to make purchases for his store. This afforded opportunity for Gloriana to visit the great city, and also to discover and secure rare articles of various kinds. It was a novel experience to sail down the beautiful river winding among the hills, then to run out on the wide Sound, and skirt its shores all the way to Hell Gate. The uncertainty of wind made the voyage variable, it having been made in ten hours and again requiring ten days.

The distance of the new home from the old

one on the hills was hardly half a dozen miles, and the active father and mother often covered it, while Gloriana herself thought little of the journey in the saddle. And Gloriana was able to gratify the desire that her child should be born under her father's roof. Charming as she found town life, the frequent passers-by, the neighborliness of those whose gardens adjoined hers and the frequent informal chats over the palings, her deep love was for the home of her youth set against the sky. The house her husband had purchased shortly before her marriage was a pleasant one, but a step or two from the street, fine-growing elms shadowed it, and within the fence periwinkle spread its green leaves close up to the house walls, and around the roots of syringa and lilac bushes. The front door led from a small porch and wide door-stone into a square entry, or "space-way," from which parlor and dining-room opened. The front door itself, cut in two horizontally, might let the upper or knocker half swing back (sure sign that the hostess was at home), while the closed lower part stayed a possible intruder.

The hospitality of the day and the pleasure

of frequent visitors, set the whole door wide open when the weather permitted, and the large wool-wheel being set in the space-way, Gloriana in her afternoon gown of mull or "taffety," and apron of fine cambric or muslin, stepped back and forth, back and forth, on the sanded floor, spinning soft, white yarn. Or sitting by her chamber window overlooking the street, whence she could give a nod or a word to those going or coming, she embroidered little caps, sleeves of fine linen-cambric shirts, and dainty little white slips, or set her hand to more practical stitches.

The life of the newly-married, when it involves the mothering of a grown-up daughter, and of sons making ready to go out into the world, is not all romance, and a ready head and hand were required for all their needs, mental and material. Zerviah soon married, passing out in great measure from the step-mother's life; the sons also grew vigorous and capable, taking their places in the outer world, filling them ably, and testifying in other States to the value and stability of New England training.

Gloriana's only child first met this life as she

desired, under the free air of the high hills and the roof of her ancestors. Clannishness was characteristic of many of those whose descent was from the best class of the early settlers. The pride of rank, though rank itself was not, was often retained, even in poverty, to an extent unintelligible to those who cared not for its distinctions. It was not in the least an arrogance of bearing, but a sense of birth, which made a clear dividing-line of feeling, and, however genial, social, or friendly, intercourse might be, the underlying realization was never lacking of that which generations of refined and educated ancestry can give. A keenly discriminating parent expressed it to his daughter in the simple phraseology of the day, "A very nice young man, Polly, but he ain't our sort!"

Gloriana felt it to be giving her child a privilege that she should be born under the old roof, for, pleasant as was the home in Derby, it was not exalted or hallowed by association with either side of the family. On the upper hills under the blue sky of June, when the tall grass was yet waving in fringing billows, and the birds were singing in welcome, the little girl was born. She received the name of Marietta, following

the sentimental or romantic fashion common at that period of embellishing the plainer name from which it was derived. Two baptismal names were still uncommon, being rarely used until the century was well under way, as may be realized by recalling the names of the nation's history. But although at the baptism in the Ripton Church "Marietta" was the name uttered by sponsor and priest, it was as "Mary" that the child was known, the dear grandmother's name falling most readily from the lips.

This was a child to be worshipped in the silent manner of the time, not with lavish endearments and self-absorbed interest, but in a secret shrine in the mother's heart. She *knew* that her child must be fairer, brighter, better than others, still the repression of the day, the fear of fostering self-love or self-conceit, the responsibility of bringing up this darling to the highest sense of duty, of rectitude, and of every desirable principle, forbade much outward demonstration. "Pa" and "Ma" might see in the opening intellect a glowing promise for the future, but they would hardly lisp to each other, or acknowledge to themselves, their firm belief in the wonder of the star risen above their horizon.

Little Mary's visits to her grandparents were always a delight, even the tall grandfather stooping to guide the first timid steps. From one of the green doors in the end of the house facing the street lay the path of narrow stones, and little Mary had hardly learned to guide her own feet when these stones seemed laid for her especial pleasure. The fond grandfather, now past threescore and ten, led the child, as she stepped back and forth on the little path, grasping one of his long, slim fingers with her tiny hand. As she grew more independent she walked carefully behind him, watching lest she step on the cracks between the stones, or finding her pleasure in stepping on the cracks only. There was always some new way of walking or jumping along the stones suggested by the active mind to the little feet, and the blades of grass that thrust themselves through the cracks were pulled off by her imperious fingers.

The tall grandfather lifted the little girl, that she might see the baby birds in the robins' nest, and he led her carefully about the barn-yards, amid all the interesting life, young lambs timid and woolly, tender-eyed calves and fuzzy, golden

chickens. Nor, if he held her, was she afraid of the big gobbler, or of the line of great white geese. By the outer butt'ry door grew a large raspberry bush, and it was the fond hand of age that picked the ripe, black berries, fitting them as thimbles on each of the little white fingers. There was great comradeship between the old man and the little four-year-old bearing his wife's name, a comradeship sweet and refreshing to him, though to the child a matter of course.

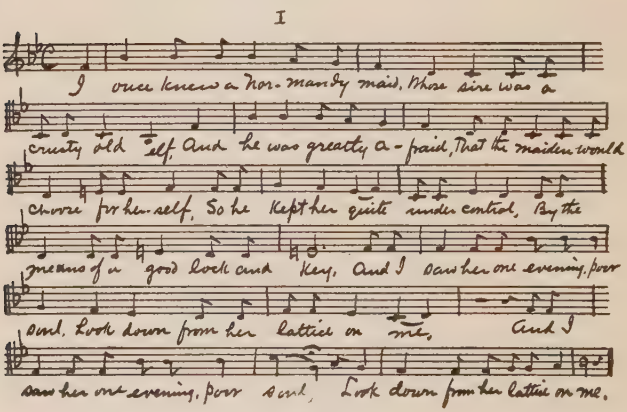
In the early twilight, when Grandmother Mary, sitting in her "ottoman chair," shaped with practised hand the little foot of a soft white stocking, Grandfather Daniel, holding the little girl on his knee closely to him, would bend his silvered head to her fair one, with a whisper to the child to ask from her grandmother "a spinning song." The pedlers who toiled over the rough roads with their packs carried, among other novelties, ballads printed on single sheets of paper, giving the words only, and the pedler as a part of his trade must be able to sing the tunes, and must also be willing to stay long enough to teach them to the purchaser. The latter having learned the air perfectly, pinned the

page of words to her distaff, and, as she spun her daily stint, committed them to memory. Of all the store which Mary knew there were two favorites, and, the little girl being given the first choice, asked always for "The Miser"—the "catchy" air pleasing a taste yet too young to understand the lessons of life—the song beginning:

> "A rich old miser courted me,
> His age was threescore years and three,
> And I a girl of seventeen,
> I wish his face I ne'er had seen;"—

while the grandfather's favorite, sure to follow, was

The Normandy Maid.


I
I once knew a Nor-mandy maid, Whose sire was a
cruel old elf, And he was greatly a-fraid, That the maiden would
choose for her-self, So he kept her quite under control, By the
means of a good lock and key, And I saw her one evening, poor
soul, Look down from her lattice on me, And I
saw her one evening, poor soul, Look down from her lattice on me.

I

"I once knew a Normandy maid,
Whose sire was a crusty old elf,
And he was greatly afraid
That the maiden would choose for herself;
So he kept her quite under control,
By the means of a good lock and key,
And I saw her one evening, poor soul,
Look down from her lattice on me,
And I saw her one evening, poor soul,
Look down from her lattice on me.

II

"With iron her lattice was barred,
To none could she utter a word,
And I thought it wondrously hard
That a maid should be caged like a bird,
So at night, when sleep conquered her sire,
I arose with steps light and free,
And said, 'Should the house be on fire,
Sweet maiden, come down unto me.'

III

"Some branches I burned, and the smoke
By the wind to the lattice conveyed;
Cried 'Fire!' till the father awoke
And let out the poor trembling maid.
He was very near dead with the fright,
Yet no spark nor flame could he see,
But the maiden ran down with delight
To the *spark* that had just set her free."

The little head marked the time and the dear old husband saw only the young wife, as the voice, yet sweet, though so far beyond its prime, sang with a spirit more in accord with her step, still quick and elastic, than with the record of years in the family Bible.

XXVII

THE HOUR OF SORROW

A SAD hour came. October had lost nearly half its days when word was sent to Derby that fear and anxiety dwelt in the old house, and Gloriana hastened to take her place by her father's bedside and to close the dear eyes as the presence of the Angel of Death was felt. Tidings of the event were sent far and near to all kindred and friends, a verbal message generally, but to the parson at Ripton a formal notice from the eldest son that "the honored father had passed away in the article of death."

All the necessary preparations were the work of friendly hands. The best of everything in the house was for the dead. The shroud, a garment exactly the same for men and women, and, unlike anything worn in life, was of fine white linen, perfectly plain, and cut so long that it was tied together with a cord below the feet.

Coffins were made only as required, and were of various woods, according to the means of those ordering them, cherry being the most expensive. The long boards were kept already steamed and bent to the desired shape, the rule being to make the head of the coffin one-third narrower than across the breast, and the foot one-third narrower than the head. The wood was stained dark and was highly polished. The coffin was lined with fine linen, its quality depending on the wealth of the family; a pillow was arranged by a bunch of shavings under the lining, and a curtain of the linen, pinked on its lower edge, and just long enough to cover the face of the dead, was nailed to the head of the coffin. The lid was hinged so that the head-piece could be laid back, and on the other part of the lid, over the breast, the form of a heart enclosed the initials and figures denoting the age of the dead, all outlined in brass-headed nails.

The coffin-maker lived at a distance and an ox-cart must transport his work. An outside box was never used, and the handles of small rope were fastened at the ends of the coffin.

To prepare the house for the service it was

deemed fitting to cover everything possible with white linen. The mirrors and pictures were carefully shrouded, and the coffin itself usually placed on a long narrow table, that was covered to the floor with a large sheet carefully pinned at the corners.

A funeral was counted a much more important function than a wedding. It was a matter of sentiment, lacking the mechanical effect of modern days. Affection, respect, neighborliness and kinship brought all to the house who could reach it, and no one was too busy to take time to bury the dead. The services were almost invariably held in the houses. The Parson was presented with a scarf of white linen three yards long, which, laid in folds, was worn over the right shoulder, and often fastened there and also where the ends crossed under the left arm, with rosettes of black crape. This was of as fine linen as the family could afford, and was of the right length to be converted into a shirt which the Parson was expected to wear as a memorial. Mourning for the family, especially for the women, was of great importance, and conventionalities could not be transgressed.

Little Mary had been left at home till the day of the funeral, and when she reached the old house, the nervous but restrained child found it strangely hushed. One and another entering by this door and that, silently seated themselves in the chairs set against the wall. The father took her little hand in his, and, leading her into the parlor, lifted the child that she might see the face from which he had thrown back the linen curtain. To her it meant little. She had been told that her grandfather was dead, but the strange face she saw made no impression. She had never seen her grandfather look like that, and it was only in a bewildered way that she had any knowledge of what it meant. So when she was seated by a window and saw men and women dismount from the horses continually coming from up and down the road, and old Jube and other helpful hands ready to aid, she found the outside world very interesting. Then all the people came in, and the hush was even greater while the good Parson, in his black gown, white bands, and the white scarf, read the solemn service. The sad farewells followed, and she saw some one

carefully lay the little white curtain in its place, and turn back the hinged lid, making it secure. A stir outside claimed her gaze, and she saw the men stepping back with bared heads, while four of them carried the coffin out of the front door. The gate that opened to the road on a line with this door was narrower than that leading from the little stone path, and, as she looked, the bearers turned the corner of the house, and walked, not on the narrow stones, but at each side of them. Then, with a rush of feeling, she realized who was being carried out, that the dear grandfather was dead, and to be dead meant to go away and never come back, and that he would never again lead her over the little stones. But dear old 'Mandy came and took the sobbing child away, while outside the procession of "two and two" formed. There were no hearses, and it was not yet common to carry the dead in a farm-wagon. The coffin was placed on a bier and covered with a black pall. The people were mounted on saddles and pillions in order of kinship, long streamers of black crape falling from the hats of the men, while the Parson, with his white scarf,

went in advance on his own horse, and faithful Jube also mounted, led the other slaves who walked in the rear.

It was no longer necessary to go to the churchyard in Ripton, White Hills having its own burying-place two miles distant. Eight bearers had been chosen, as relief would be needed for so long a distance, and before the start was made a bottle of orange-peel bitters was passed to the Parson, who, being refreshed thereby, passed it to the bearers. Then four of them lifted the bier till it rested on their shoulders, and, with a quiet marching step, the journey began. When the bearers changed, which meant also a passing from hand to hand of the strengthening bitters, the relief stepped in before the others, and, without breaking step, took the burden, while the weary men filed out. For so long a march the change was made several times ere the open grave was reached.

The road lay through the wood and past familiar fields, uphill and down. A sharp frost had loosened the hold of the bright autumn leaves, and the maples and beeches mourning the loss of their old friend, cast a glowing carpet

under the feet of those carrying him to his resting-place, while now and again the leaves, floating tenderly down from the tree-tops to rest on the pall, bore their message that for them also had come the hour of "earth to earth."

The grassy graveyard lying under the soft October sky seemed to welcome this child of earth, and, the bier being lowered, and the pall removed, dust was committed to dust, the sunlight glinting in the brass-nailed heart and letters as they disappeared below the line of the turf. Before the Benediction the grave was filled, it being deemed indecorous not to wait until that work was done, and then ere the Parson lifted his hand in blessing, he said: "I am requested on behalf of the afflicted family to extend to all relatives and friends their sincere thanks for your kind attentions during the period of illness, your assistance at these last sad offices for the dead, and your sympathy in this time of their deep bereavement."

XXVIII

THE THIRD GENERATION

Other changes followed. It finally seemed best for the sake of the lonely widow that Gloriana should take her place again in the old home, and the family removed from Derby to the Hills. Little Mary, then seven years old, almost forgot that she had ever had another home. She loved the place, the free breezes that felt to her as if they came more directly from the upper blue than those of the valley, and she loved the long outlines of hills, and that reach of vision that seems to see far beyond its reality. The country life was full of joy; the road to the little schoolhouse was rich in treasures, blue violets, nodding columbines, may-apples, wild strawberries, and dropping nuts waiting but for her eager hand. And there was a treat every summer when Queen Esther's lilies were in bloom. The bed had

grown larger and larger, crowding out much else, and the tall stalks were always "setting sums" for her, counting, adding, and multiplying their quota of blossoms. It was a joy indeed to carry home a stalk or two to put in a dark-blue "Rebecca at the Well" pitcher, in a sunny window, where she might watch the buds unfold, while she asked, and heard again and again, how the great-grandmother Esther loved them and their sunset tinging. Common as the lily had become there was none from other gardens that bore for her the same charm

Little Mary loved nature, sky and tree and flower; both the near and the distant horizons had always a message for her. She felt herself a part of it, not as an imaginative child would, but in a practical way; the flowers bloomed for her pleasure, not to hide a fairy, and the sunbeams and breezes brought her a present joy rather than a wondering of Whence? and Whither? The other side of the hills did not trouble her if only the hither side were pleasurable.

She was a very nervous child, reserved, capable for her age, with keen perceptions and

independent thought, but before and above all else unquestioning in her obedience and respect. The grandfather's place could not be filled; young as she was, certain places were sacred to him, but her natural reserve prevented expression, save when climbing into his great chair, she leaned lovingly back in it as if still feeling his presence.

Grandmother Mary took the child more than ever to her heart and companionship, and it was on a pillion behind the active old lady that the little maid went to church at Ripton, or as an especial privilege to visit the old friend Hepzibah. Cousin Charity had gone from earth, and Mary's world seemed to be growing old very rapidly. Hepzibah herself was nearly fourscore, and to practice the art she loved was now beyond her power. She still saw beauty everywhere; in every cloud that floated above, in every branch that waved below, in the blue flags and bright cardinal flowers by the clear watercourses, in the yarrow that lifts its little white parasol through all the summer, and the deep purple aster telling that summer is gone; in the bare branches of the winter,

lifting pleading hands, or sweeping downward with the winds as if bearing the benediction they had sought from the upper air; all came into her heart to find the same love and sympathy, but with sight dimmed and the touch of youth vanished, she could no longer give them expression.

Nearly three years after Daniel's death, and when Queen Esther's lilies were in blossom, there came again to the old house the mysterious message so full of sorrow and blessing. The elastic energetic nature enjoying the rush of life often fails to realize how shallow the water has become, or to feel the keel grating on the sand until the bow swings to the shore and all is being made fast. So this life for Grandmother Mary came to its close, and she who in her eightieth year did not hesitate to sit in the saddle for a ten miles' ride saw not how far into harbor she had floated, until the sails were lowered, and the voyage finished. There was then but faith to utter, and farewell to say, with the blessing of a mother's undying love, and the house was filled with that mysterious presence before which all earthly matters

fade, and that bears the visible onward to the invisible, from the joy that was, through the pain of sorrow, to the rapture that shall be.

Again the clan gathered, again little Mary, now with fuller realization, saw the bearers carefully carry their burden above the path of narrow stones. Children and grandchildren, kindred and friends, little Mary in her youth, and Hepzibah in her age, the old slaves loudly lamenting, and the young colored people, though free still giving their allegiance, made a long procession following after bearers and Parson under the green trees, and along the familiar winding highway, to the grassy graveyard already made sacred to so many of the throng.

When the white headstone was in place it bore testimony in its simple inscription to the appreciation of her children for the love and devotion of which they had never known lack:

"She was a kind and affectionate mother."

Thus Gloriana and her own small family were finally left alone in the great house with the remaining colored members, who were a small number also. During the preceding winter

both Jube and 'Mandy had closed their eyes to earth, and had been carried out over the narrow stones to the same enclosure where lay the bodies of the master and mistress they had served so long and so faithfully. Samson and Moll were "old folks" now. 'Roosh (Jerusha), Gloriana's own handmaiden, and Pete, her husband, remained of the able-bodied. Bose, though not yet an old man, was more care than aid, for though obedient and devoted in spirit his mind was ever under a cloud.

XXIX

GIRLHOOD AND ROMANCE

The long years of life are those of childhood, and the developing intellect might well count them so were it able to measure the store of wealth attained. Even the limited district school of the upper hill country unfolded vast riches to little Mary's search, but after a few years greater advantages were sought, and the famous school of Miss Pierce in Litchfield was the goal. At thirteen years old Mary could no longer be called "little." She had grown so tall that her record of years was rarely credited by the stranger, especially as her mind also betokened a longer period of growth. So she took a good place in the institution, when, having taken her there, her father left her to her first independent venture in life, with the admonition, "Never forget your accountability."

Shy, self-contained, and quiet, none realized the nature that the discipline of life was to develop later. But she made satisfactory progress in her studies, and the tone of mind of the day may be understood from a letter written to her father. Returning from school by stage-coach, she recorded her arrival at a friend's house in New Haven, where she was to await him. She wrote that there had been ten passengers in the coach, all but two of them ladies, and that the tedium of the journey had been relieved by the ladies taking turns in reading aloud an essay on good behavior! Later, at school, such questions were discussed as "Which is the most destructive, War or Ardent Spirits?" "Does Mankind ever act but from selfish motives?" which might now be considered advanced subjects for minds of fourteen or fifteen years. The school in Litchfield was supplemented by one in New Haven, thus leading to new friendships nearer home.

Although legal majority was the same then as now, the entrance into social life was much earlier. A white crêpe frock served for a ball-dress in her fifteenth year, and there was eager-

ness for the adornments that festivities demand. Gloriana was a woman of intelligence, strong character, and of more worldly wisdom than one would suppose could result from the comparative quiet and isolation of her life. She was a good judge of human nature, and, although all sorts and conditions of life had not passed before her, she had keen insight and ready understanding of the differences in humanity. She was a wise counsellor, broad of vision, and had learned to measure life's phases not with a yardstick, but with a plummet. That her daughter should have full measure of the pleasures of life was her desire, and through friends and kindred the way was opened for a wider experience than came to most of those living along the same lines. Mary had no pretension to beauty or even prettiness; there was but the attraction of youth, with a well-trained mind and a quick intelligence, behind a very quiet demeanor. She was not seventeen, however, when the climax of her life was reached. At a ball in Ripton a young Southerner, then a student at Yale College, appeared, and divined at once the hidden wealth of her nature. The

charm of his chivalric attention and entire devotion made a deep impression, and she willingly consented to accept his escort for a ride the following day. He was an adept in the art of flirting, while she, so reticent, was but a novice. His hasty offer of marriage she could hardly understand; she had not the courage to dismiss him entirely, but was unwilling to marry, as he desired, within a few months, when his college life should be finished. The more reserved Northern nature found the Southern ardor difficult to comprehend. She was coy and reticent, unkind when he was kind, but hurt when he was indifferent. She feared a " hot love, soon cold," and this lack of confidence finally caused separation, despite the heartache it brought to both. He returned to the South, and after three years she heard of his death; unhappiness had marked his life, and he died alone, a wanderer away from friend and kindred.

With uncontrollable force the agony of her love overwhelmed her. What she had concealed almost from herself was now manifest. Life was but a dull, blank heartache, and the only grain of comfort was in gazing from the southern

window, until, with a rush of feeling, she bent her head to the window-sill to hide the flood of tears. That this must not continue Gloriana realized. There was, therefore, a hurry of stitches and fitting of garments, and against her will the girl must take her place and part in the coming commencement festivities at Yale. Forced thus to live outside of her grief, she summoned to her aid her own resources. The keen wit inherited from her father, and a lively fancy and laughing gayety heretofore shown but under cover of reserve, were now brought to the front, and she seemed transformed. Almost at once she became a social power, attracting both by her humor and sense of humor, as few can by personal beauty, and, burying under this lightness the pain lying so deep, that for years she never mentioned the beloved name.

She was always a welcome guest, and at this time she wrote of herself: "I am just the same tall, ill-looking girl as ever, gadding abroad the whole time in search of amusements."

Indulgent parents granted her all possible opportunities for diversion, and watched the recovery of balance with relief and satisfaction.

Other swains hovered near; there was never lack of gallant youth, some seeking only the pleasure of the hour, but the lovers of fun, of wit, and even of satire found in the "ill-looking girl" a kindliness of nature, and a sympathy with suffering that forbade the wit that cut too sharply, or the sarcasm that was malicious. Some sought her for companion and friend, while others, seeing still deeper, sought, though vainly, for the gift of her life and love.

Music had become a strong interest and love; correspondence was ever a pleasure, the desire for self-improvement and to gain "the power of expressing myself on paper, to talk and write with sense and judgment," never slumbered. She was "willing to study, to read the best books, and accustom myself to reflect on the subject, to use perseverance, patience, and practice." Her correspondence reached as far as the West Indies; letters of confidence between girls are always delightful; they were exchanged frequently by private hand, and, as one of them said, "by mail when anything occurs that is worth ten cents." When absent from home, communication was as frequent as possible, and

a letter from her mother is called "corn, wine, and oil to my spirits."

Journeys were made, long for those days, and the city of New York with its bustle, always attracted her. She had known it more or less, since when, a little child, she had gone down on the sloop, and on waking one morning in the harbor, among the shipping, said, "Oh, mother, what a lot of dead trees!" And as she enjoyed its pleasures in her grown-up life, she said, "Large cities throw away lots of small things that would furnish a country town with interest and amusement forever."

With all the love of change she wrote a friend, "I think I shall find some satisfaction in conversing with a purring cat, a good fire, a piano-forte, or, in fact, reasonable creatures. I have good health, a snug house, parents that delight to comfort me, while I undertake to make all things pass pleasantly for them."

XXX

THE AGED FRIEND

To Hepzibah, the grandmother's old friend, a long life was granted. When she had reached the age of ninety-five her normal eyesight had returned, and she read without spectacles, and when her eyes were tired she "read in the dark," repeating what she knew. At this advanced age she declared, that if Watts' Hymns were out of print she could supply a new edition from memory, and that she could repeat hymns from Sunday morning till Saturday night. Her memory had always been remarkable, and she had not failed to cultivate it. A sermon could be repeated almost *verbatim;* the Bible was so well known that without hesitation she could give chapter and verse at request. "Paradise Lost," and other books she knew also "by heart," and her memory of events antedating and

connected with the Revolution, brought to her visits from the antiquarians of the day. On the surrender of Burgoyne she had written a spirited poem, and repeated it on request in 1823, saying she had never written it out but once, and that over forty years previously.

This second sight did not, however, continue to the end. She became blind, and the long, long years had left many deep lines on her face. A great-grandson was brought to see her, and she made him sit on the stool at her feet that she might pass her thin, trembling hands over the young face, to see if he bore the beauty of her husband's family. And although she told a little great-granddaughter the wonderful tale that when she herself was but three years old and sitting on her grandfather's knee, she caught a humming-bird in her little hand as it was flying near, the child, unheeding the story, wept as she saw the wrinkled visage, and asked if, "When she got to heaven, God would make her face smooth again."

Gloriana, always remembering the long friendship between Hepzibah and her mother, sought to take in some measure the latter's

place. When Hepzibah had passed her ninety-seventh birthday, the end of this life for her was visibly near. Confined to her bed for a short time from weakness, and needing little care beyond a watchful love, the Bible, hymns, and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs,"—the whole of which she could repeat—filled her mind. Gloriana went to pass the night at her bedside, to "watch" with her, as she could not be left alone, and this friendly help was needed. She sat, book in hand, near the light, an occasional glance at the quiet sleeper being all that was necessary. Hepzibah waked once or twice, spoke a word, and slept again, and Gloriana kept her vigil, reading, but with watchful eye and ear. She had lifted her glance and seen the quiet breathing as undisturbed as usual; soon after she looked again, and the spirit had fled. Ninety-seven years of this life ended as a leaf drops from a tree! One quiet instant of severance, and the spirit was rendered up to the Giver; then the body, marked by the touch of time, but beautiful in the holy serenity of death, was laid in its resting-place.

XXXI

THE CHANGING YEARS

MATERIAL life was verging to the great transition that has marked this century, and many things already common in the larger centres were slowly reaching up to the hills. Carriages were unknown there until about 1820. An ox-cart or farm-wagon marked the limit of vehicles, and when the first gig with its over-reaching black hood was driven through that country the horses and mules started in fright. But gigs and chaises soon became common, and coaches followed, though in a small community only one or two might be owned, which were always borrowed for the use of the chief mourners at all funerals of people in the owners' grade of life.

To the progressive mind a gig or chaise with only two wheels seemed a safe and natural evolution from the ox-cart, but a woman who was expert in the art of balancing herself on a pillion,

no matter how rough the road or fractious the horse, often hesitated about surrendering herself to so complicated a possibility for mishap as a four-wheeled structure. Courage grew with use, however, and the roads improved under the necessity that wheels created, and in due time the "iron horse" came within convenient reach of the hill-people.

The tinder-box disappeared, as it was supplanted by matches about 1830. As little by little the "hand-made" fabrics gave way to the "machine-made" the spinning-wheel had rest. The old slaves, one by one, had passed from the scene of their labors, and the younger generation, born in freedom and settling in homes of their own, gave less and less domestic service. With these new conditions the hard time for the housewife began. There were fewer hands and feet to render service, life was becoming more exacting, more complex, the rigors of climate were unchanged, while with easier transit and more frequent communication the demands upon friendship, society, and hospitality increased. The traditions of an "open house" could only be lived up to with difficulty.

The foreign element had not yet lifted much of the burden that the negro had left on the white hands unaccustomed to so much of the work. The conditions of life, changing so slowly that there had seemed to be no change, were verging toward an upheaval. The old house, however, true to its traditions, altered but little. Novelty has slight charm for those who cherish every tender association, and though the daughter in her flittings might gather to herself such modern affairs as pleased her, the old people—for they were growing old—settled quietly in the accustomed place with that content that cares not for variety, and clings lovingly to old surroundings.

As the father neared his eightieth year he told Mary one day that he was going to Derby, but did not ask her to accompany him. On his return he said to her, privately:

"Mary, where do you think I went to-day?"

"I don't know, Pa."

"I went to the old graveyard in Derby. You know your mother thinks there are no people in the world like her family, and she will want to be buried with them, but I like the old grave-

yard where my father and mother are buried, and there's a fine old oak-tree on the knoll that I've always thought I'd like to lie under. I went there to-day, and I'm disappointed to find that another man has got in before me! But there is just room for me by my mother's side, and though you needn't say anything to your mother about it now, that's where I want to be buried."

And Mary said, "Yes, Pa."

Not long after serious illness developed, and the devoted care of wife and daughter was saddened by the advancing shadow. The man himself took a clear look at the situation, and the doctor being expected, called Mary to his bedside and bade her ask him to declare exactly the patient's condition. Mary did so, and, after his departure, with a torn heart returned to her father, who, at the first private opportunity, said, "Mary, did you ask the doctor what I told you to?"

"Yes, Pa."

"What did he say?"

"Do you want me to tell you just what he said?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Well, he said he thought you would not live more than three or four days."

"That's exactly what I thought myself!

The great change came, and the funeral procession wound down the steep hills and over the rivers to the grave chosen. Then the lessened household took up the duty of life, old yet new, with its shifted burden. Mary had reached middle life, the able mother was nearing fourscore. A violent illness seized her, from which she recovered physically, but the mental vigor was impaired, and "Miss Mary," as she was known to most, found herself in reality the head of the house, though she never suffered friend or servant to regard that title as gone from the venerable mother. The weakening intellect, the wavering memory that lasted but an instant, and then required a repetition of the information already given, were met with a patience and serenity, and with a spirit of reverent affection, that may well encircle as with a halo, the devoted daughter who rendered what was so difficult, with such unfaltering tenderness.

Miss Mary began keeping a journal, in a de-

sultory way at first, but as years passed it became a prominent factor in her life. As the mother's mental power grew weaker and weaker, the care required was more and more exacting. The old retainers were all gone. New servants lacking interest, lacked patience, and the time came when it was easier to assume all the labor of the house than to reconcile and harmonize the untrained mind with the feeble one. Guests for the hour or day were still welcome, and the habit of life gave always a gracious greeting from her who no longer distinguished friend from stranger. There arose, however, memories, or at least suggestions, of the past, when she, as a child, went about the old home, and the younger brother was sought with hurrying tread, and a call of "Victory! Victory!"

Ninety-one years of life were finished ere the soul of Gloriana was freed from the worn body, and at last Miss Mary was alone. Though lonely at heart, the familiar rooms hallowed by the loves and lives of two generations were never lonely to her, and after a long journeying that the prolonged care and devotion made desirable, she returned to her home with gladness and satisfaction.

The division of her grandfather's broad lands had left but little inheritance from him beyond the house and its immediate surroundings. The care of many acres was not hers, and with such assistance as was readily procured for weightier labors she preferred to keep her solitude unbroken. Neighbors were nearer than formerly; she had learned to find the way out of any labyrinth, and also the art of readjustment, with a philosophy like her father's. Thus she wrote in her journal: "The world is full of changes, and we have only to brush them away as fast as others come." This was in relation to the external. Of what is deeper she wrote: of her father—"He has been on my mind more of late than usual, and I have talked of him a great deal to friends. In his old age he almost idolized me, and I was devoted to him and administered not only to his wants but to his pleasure. He was very indulgent to me, and we always harmonized." Of her mother, "It is four years to-day since my dear mother died. I cannot realize it. I *feel* her presence at times so closely that I almost expect to *see* her." "It is five years to-day since my mother died. I

think of her more or less every day, and always miss her. No end of her handiwork is everywhere about the house that meets my sight continually, and what could I do without these treasures!" "I often dream of my mother; she always comes to my senses in a pleasant form, sleeping or waking, she seems ever on my mind. How much I miss her, for the love and kindness she ever bore me. Even in her old age she was my counsellor and my friend as no other can ever be. My house has lost its charm and has become desolate." "I have longed for my mother's presence ever since she departed. She was my true and patient and sympathizing friend uninterruptedly, all the life we *lived* and *loved* together." A long-waiting letter from a friend brings out—"this poor dear empty world is to be journeyed through by so many winding and rough roads that when I do not feel *hammered out flat* by the mallet of affliction or chiseled to pieces by care, I shall never allow a letter from you to remain unanswered so long again."

XXXII

AT HOME AND ABROAD

The living alone in the old house became more and more satisfactory to Miss Mary. Various ventures were made for companionship with the younger generation, resulting always in thankfulness when the continued presence of some one not entirely after her own mind came to an end, and she wrote, "I take a world of comfort all alone in my own house; nobody makes me afraid, even if they molest me in a gossiping way."

In fact, the disagreeable side of life came to be the interference of others with her own free choice. "It is a marvel how many of my acquaintance feel competent to give me advice *unsought* about my domestic affairs. I don't remember when I was not subject to this indirect fault-finding with my ways, and I have such a

decided weakness for liking *my ways* better than the ways of those who are so liberal with their opinions." "Staying in my own house in solitary state is very pleasant to me, but worries my neighbors."

The love of travel became a ruling power, and, her wheel of fortune not turning upward, choice must be made between that cause for expenditure and costly raiment, resulting in favor of the former. The elegancies of life appealed strongly to Miss Mary. She was a welcome guest in many a great house, and no touch of splendor in its appointment, or in the manner of life therein, failed of her thorough appreciation. All polite attentions also were most acceptable to her, and on the brink of a journey she felt she "had put through an eddy of still life, and now comes the crowded hour and a long day of reaction." "The hum and stir of life in its politest form" was most attractive, and she liked to feel the hurry of life that made her "wish the days forty-eight hours long, as life is short to accomplish what is thrown in one's way." "The spell of intellect and culture is always irresistible to me," and "there are a great many 'field-days'

in society." The summer resorts of wealth and fashion were an attraction ever beckoning her, and for many years a season rarely passed that did not find her at one or more of the large hotels frequented by people of culture and social standing, among whom she always found an important place. Many called her eccentric, and she bore out perfectly John Stuart Mill's "We find eccentricity of character in proportion to that amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage possessed by the individual." Of herself in this respect she wrote in her journal, "My individuality is so marked that, even if I am ever so interesting, I am apt to be unfavorably criticized by exceedingly proper persons, and a staple of ridicule to those who busy themselves watching the eccentricities of others. Yet I never fail to receive the polite attention of the most distinguished, at resorts of any kind, when I choose. It is pleasant to be praised, and no one is insensible to it; honest and deserved praise, I mean. I loved the appreciation of my parents in every stage of my life, and it had a good influence on me."

Wit, originality, and a delight in uttering what

was unexpected from the "spinster getting on in years, and with a forbidding cast of countenance," and in costumes that were often peculiar, were sure to make her a centre about which revolved people of all ages. She loved to say the word that was gratifying to hear, as well as that that amused. "If I can catch the *ear* I know my strength. I care nothing for the *eye* of a person. I have small attractions for the eye." And this attention and admiration were her best tonic. "Change of company and change of place promote a vigorous circulation of spirits.—At home I encourage contentment by creating for myself simple tastes and honest occupation. No one loves travelling more than I do, and to mingle with the world; it lights up my feelings and tastes like a gleam of sunshine." "My house is very pleasant to me, and it is the soundest judgment to remain in it; my love of travel overcomes everything, and I am very uneasy to start off."

The choice between travel and dress was early made, still the latter had some requirements. "I am taking a survey of my old-fashioned wardrobe, and intend to try the effect of modernizing it by way of economy, and see if I can-

not throw over my equipment a savor and sprinkling of gentility. Fashion changes so often now-a-days that it is a tremendous expense of time and labor to keep up with it, consequently, I make no pretence to do so—let me dress as I will and act as I please, other people's judgment or opinions do not affect the peace of my life. I pursue my own way rejoicing, independent of censure, but gratified with applause, somewhat vain, but not very proud."

Enjoying the sparkle and glitter of life so keenly, not only did she "never for a moment hesitate to tell of my country life and simple habits," but "home is home," and her journal gives, "Found my dear old home, homely to the eye in comparison to much of the elegance I had seen away, but pleasanter to my soul than any other spot—my big chamber, clean bed, old-fashioned furniture, is charming to my senses, and I said aloud to myself, 'It is good to be here.' It seems as if I had been absent weeks and weeks, and it is only ten days. I shall find much to do in getting things regulated, the grass is overgrown in the yard, the garden looks neglected, hops to pick, and the house to brush

up generally, but I am glad I went!" "It is always a broken day in coming home. I never get settled down to anything in a steady manner. But few are situated as I am, opening an unoccupied house whenever I return. The uncomfortableness lasts but a few hours, whereas it would probably be greater and last longer if I had left anybody in it during my absence. I know of no one that I can rely on to improve my condition, notwithstanding I am so often annoyed by questions of 'Why don't you?' and 'I should think you would.'" The sense of loneliness was, however, often felt: "Is it because I am excited or fatigued that my mind goes back to other days so vividly at this time? Perhaps it is the returning home and no one to greet or welcome me, as when my mother was alive, and yet, after the experience of the past ten years, of a lonely house to open to my solitary admittance, it could hardly have much influence now. At any rate, the remembrance is fresher to-night than usual, of the cordial and pleasant habit my mother and myself always indulged in on the return of whichever had been absent; to run hastily to the door or gate with

glad countenances and joyful demonstrations, to meet each other, or our friends, as might be. When mother was very old she never forgot the glad welcome, however forgetful in other things. I have missed it in all these years, and love the custom so that I always carry it out in practice at every opportunity, even when my affections are not much enlisted."

Many warm and long-enduring friendships resulted from the chance acquaintance of hotel life, and correspondence, and the making and receiving of visits, increased thereby. Miss Mary's power not only of analyzing character, but of lighting up the weaker points of humanity with a touch that gave spice to her letters, is rarely equalled. "—— has performed funeral honors to liberty by getting married." "She was an intelligent whetstone to sharpen his faculties upon." "The composed air of a husband." "—— a tongue in his head, such an one as was lost in the tower of Babel." "Most people have the *grace* to hear themselves praised with considerable resignation." "—— is full of gossip, 'itching ears' make nimble tongues." "There is a kind of zest in snubbing, but tattling

is mean." "I don't really suppose any of us are exactly angels." "It is said men don't care for money as much as women do: I have noticed that men love a beautiful woman, but *adore* the riches of a homely one." "Where do gentlemen always hide in hotels, I wonder!" "Men don't make *idols* of old ladies." "We harmonize and knit ourselves together so nicely." ". . . our feelings are somewhat askew." "Some dote on old houses, old wine, old trees, old customs, old pictures, but forget the old woman." In her journal she described "Eyes that peered everywhere, and ears that listened to everything. Her thin lips were puckered up tightly; such retention, however, only took place when she was called to praise a friend. To administer a dose of bitters she gave fluent utterance and a wide vocabulary. She has a sharp nose, sharp chin, sharp elbows, and a very sharp tongue."

Another phase of society—entertainments—whether near or afar, claimed her interest and presence. "I love these musters at home and abroad, and, in my day and generation, have *vibrated* through a great number." "I occasionally join the gay circles, taking into consid-

eration the expediency of airing my manners, to make sure that I am modern and extant!" After a large wedding: "I enjoy these occasions even better than when I was young. The episodes of earlier dates are gradually fading from my thoughts. I have so much to occupy my attention now, and receive so much attention from society and even the notabilities of the present day, that I don't need to fall back on the past. I have found my place, and have learned to fill it. Most maiden ladies give up these things and settle down, forgotten except in their family circle and neighborhood." Invitations "keep my feelings fresh and afford me pleasant intercourse in society, that interferes with no one's rights or privileges." "Trimmed my borders and cut my grass this morning, trimmed myself in my royal robes this afternoon, and made calls." "I like sociability. I like to be social, even if sometimes a flash of wit, a little wisdom, and no end of silly speeches escape me." One who added so much to the entertainment of others was naturally in demand, and, even when the tale of years neared threescore and ten, there was no lack in the desire for her presence. All

"musters," however, did not give equal pleasure, and some were declined. "Although I mix but little with the multitudes just now I am by no means asleep in my mind's eye." "Amusements of a certain kind are rife, but turn out light and of poor quality—gossip dull—even among speculators!" "I don't think gossiping the highest wisdom; it animates us to sundry skirmishes and small warfares."

Guests were always welcomed with rare heartiness, and, even though the guests' convenience might be her great inconvenience, the traditions of hospitality were never transgressed. "The Lord sustain me with Mrs. ——'s children among my peach-trees. How I dread their ravages and waste." After a visit that had been full of delight in the companionship of old friends who left her on Saturday morning: "The K——'s have gone and I have toiled through the day in putting my house in order. I am dreadfully fatigued, but could not endure a rest with every room in disorder however; chaos over Sunday is not according to Scripture;" and, as the wear of life made effort of any kind more wearisome, it was recorded: "The mo-

notony of my life is really pleasant to me;" and, "haven't 'lifted up my voice' to sound this day, but have had a great circulation of thoughts." Speech, however, from herself or others gave the charm to life, as, after quoting in her journal: "The sweetest string of the great harp of mingled harmonies is the human voice," she added, "The whispering winds, the melodious birds, and gushing water are all that very responsible poets have claimed; nevertheless, my vote goes in favor of social qualities that belong to the human species," and, regarding speaking from feeling, while Gloriana wrote: "I can't always keep it in, I shall speak when it comes handy;" the daughter felt, "there is a fascination in speaking your mind that almost reconciles one to reproof."

With all her interest in the "human species," nature, in all its phases, appealed to her; the weather, "sparkling with sunshine;" "heard the notes of a robin for the first time this season;" "the dawn of a fragrant summer morning;" even "biddies" (chickens), with whom she "loved to cultivate an intimacy—like persons, they are flattered by attention and kind-

ness." "The trees are behind time in their budding interests, notwithstanding the courageous example of the little crocuses." "What charming weather, and how beautiful this world looks to human eyes, the flowers, the foliage, the grass (jolly blades that drink the dew of heaven!)" "I rise early and go out to salute the green grass with a rapture little known to city ladies." "We went down to the shore and watched the swelling waves and saw how patiently the brave old Ocean repeats itself for ever and ever." "There is always a cheerfulness in snow-storms to me, notwithstanding the labor and inconvenience they put me to usually. I sit quietly in my chamber most of the day and say, 'let it snow;'" and, when the snow was not crusty, making the effort too great, she cleared her own paths from preference, as "the work has charms for me." Her heart responded to the world of matter, as it did to the world of feeling. "The world we live in has always appeared full of beautiful sights, and a complete treasure-house of loveliness and melody;" and, under all circumstances, she found, "Fresh air,

and owing no one a shilling, is quite invigorating!"

Life held its charm. "This is a beautiful world, and I want to stay in it a long time." "I have comfortable 'fixings' as to furniture, old-fashioned in this day and time, not costly or grand, but very pleasant to me. I hope I may live long to enjoy it." "I sit up late and read with great enjoyment." The periodicals of the day and good books of various kinds were always at hand, suggesting often pithy sentences written in letters or journal: "Alluding to fashions, the New York *Herald* says: 'In some styles there is no change.' Poor relations will be cut the same as last year!" "I read in a scientific work not long ago that human elements consist of four substances, representing the familiar names of fire, water, salt-peter, and charcoal. Of such is man, the Lord of the whole Earth! Iron is found in blood, phosphorus in the brain, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all." The Bible was read through yearly for many years: "the 'law' compels, the 'gospel' charms."

The ability to cast a charm over the most ordinary and matter-of-fact occupations was

marked and continual. "Made a great display on the clothes-line this morning. How available I can make myself! how proud I am of my capacity for doing so! health and resolution can effect wonders. I have both at the present time, for which I am thankful." "My head is full of notions and my hands full of work; my feet run hither and thither a considerable part of the day '*world without end*' (I wish I could say 'Amen' and make a respectable finish of it)." "I daily wield the hand of the diligent, and considerable economy is thrown in, and I say to myself, 'Is woman's work ever done?' When alone I am in the domestic harness till quite in the afternoon, and, if I have company, I am never out of it. Some spiteful 'critter' said women have very few reserves, and always tell all they know, and wonders that it takes them so long. I daresay he was served as I lately served a biped who 'took aim' at me. But I am not afraid! I can stand shot first rate—have smelt powder too often. I shall begin to number my slain before long, if only to prove my discretion and show my valor."

XXXIII

NOT A "GRIM OLD MAID"

THROUGH all the long life the love of her youth remained a potent factor. Far away as it seemed at times, it made marriage always impossible, a "desirable match" merely, having no attraction. Miss Mary wrote in her journal: "I remember a youthful lover who died and left me. No one else has ever filled the void. After fifty years I remember him pleasantly. If he had lived and I had had more experience, would he have been *my chosen* before all the world? My youthful days and middle life might possibly have been pleasanter, but I feel sure I could not possibly be so full of contentment as I am now in my single state, free from anxiety and weighty cares, arising from family duties in married life." Slurs at "old maids" she might meet with composure, but "I never rail at matrimony, and yet

fortunately never ridiculed old maids; the one I consider a wise institution, while the other may have just a "sprinkling" of peculiarities that the eye of a noble-hearted woman might wince at, rather than despise, and I have come to the conclusion that disagreeable people will be disagreeable, married or single." "What a quiet and peaceful life is the allotment of an old maid, if she can only be contented with it. Why is so much antagonism and ill-nature manifested toward them generally? Young and old often speak of them with reproach. The love of order in *them* is ridiculed, and neatness is called one of their striking peculiarities. The path I have "trotted in" I have found very pleasant, and am not in the least timid in encountering prejudices against maiden ladies." "By *accident* I have escaped the sorrows of widowhood, and the lonely years and regret of a maiden lady are not my experience as yet, tho' I am somewhat exposed to them." "It is not the widows that are exclusively sought for, even the *old maids* are sometimes 'wooed and all that,' for here is the writer of these pages just passing through the ordeal, *unscathed to be sure!* I have hitherto

found the path of an old maid pleasant to walk in. I think I will continue the journey therein."

Through the many years since the great heart-ache of her youth, there had been frequent and advantageous opportunities for marriage. The attraction of her individuality was great, to some the snug old house, and small but comfortable income added a charm! Her experience proved to her that "it is a woman's own fault if her last chance for marriage ever comes; there are always men of all ages wanting wives;" and she could write with authority on the matter! "Cousin ——'s letter suggests —— as a husband, *he* having made some overtures to that effect. He condescends to think I would share his diet, and attend to his bodily wants, and, perhaps, *jump* at the chance. I don't feel called upon to display much activity in the matter!" Another bearer of "preliminaries" made her friend's request, with the inducement he had suggested, that he had a new purple merino dress that had belonged to his first wife, and had never been worn but once—that he would give her if she would marry him! Another aspiring widower also of a plain grade of life, living

near, made an early call, appearing at her kitchen-door. After entering, and uttering a few ordinary civilities, he arose, and, with some embarrassment, began walking around the kitchen-table, saying she seemed to be a very good housekeeper, and finally asked if she were a good cook. He was dismissed with the reply, "If you want to match your cooking-stove you had better marry a colored woman!"

There was always a dash of amusement in marriage possibilities. "Mr. ——, a rich widower! Had I better be nimble around him, or is there a fatality in belonging to his household! Two have died out of it suddenly within a year. What if he should be called away and the chance of being a rich widow be lost on me! It is a fearful thing to consider. If I take him I shall shut my eyes to the consequences. My conscience would be easier to take no advantage of the opportunity. Lotteries in this state are illegal. Marriages are said to be lotteries, therefore, are marriages illegal, I wonder!"

Beginning a new volume of the journal she wrote: "Years ago I laughed at the idea of keeping a journal; perhaps it would be no lack

of wisdom if I adhered to that resolution unto this day. I have very little to record but petty events. I had more material in early life, tho' I probably should have run to sentimentality. I don't think I knew much about myself really in those visionary days. I had my romance, and was disappointed. I am more contented with a dull reality, mete out self-discipline, and am disenchanted of many hopes and perplexities that overcame me when young. I view things in a truer light, and have an increase of stability, and more self-reliance, tho' I don't escape 'schisms' and all those things pertaining to the flesh, but endure them with great fortitude. I am quite alone in the world as far as dependence and leaning on another go."

For sentiment in others, Miss Mary had always a keen intuition as well as a real sympathy. The true "single woman" who bears ever in her heart a grave, bound about by vines of remembrance, whose flowers never fade and whose leaf withereth not, has even more sympathy with the love-affairs of others than the happy married woman who has realized her dreams; sympathy, however much it may be fostered by

kindness and interest, being the true child of suffering. The confidences of younger people were invited and acceptable, for she deemed it "good to keep our sympathies enlarged and extended beyond ourselves, the secret is, being accessible to others." Youth always attracted her; "to keep the young side to the front" was one of her rules of life, even if she wrote, "Old age don't look so grim as it did awhile ago." The grace of life was still to be cultivated; "An old maid occupying her house alone is solitary as any single woman's house is, but need not be the less cheerful;" "I am a 'single woman,' but I am sure I am not classified as a Grim Old Maid;" and it was gratifying to record "Somebody said I was witty and plain; and that age had given my homely face a charm;"—on a birthday she wrote, "My years accumulate, and even the mirror don't frighten me."

A birthday never passed unnoticed in the journal. "To-day is my birthday. I have spent it alone and pleasantly, and without sin, as far as *committing* sin goes; the *omission* —— a sin may find me there! Is there anybody that does not omit to do good? It is much not to *do* and *think*

evil, on that I have built my structure to-day. One day! I have never in my thoughtlessness watched myself all day before. He who 'neither slumbers nor sleeps' knoweth, and may He guard and protect me in the right way."

The passing years, running up such a long record against her told but little on the mode of life. The interest in all younger life remained, and the desire to have a part in it, to keep "modern and extant," even though the realization of what could not be far off was felt. "Table and hearth have no occupant but myself —no hurry, very little work and care; my house is clean and still, nothing disturbed or out of place, and these quiet times in my own house suit me exactly—and *Somebody's growing old!* that tells the story; and Somebody must bestir themselves if Somebody means to travel; for old age best enjoys home comforts, and strange places and strange people have no charms in comparison. I am so thankful the seclusion is not gloomy to me." "Read a story, 'The Gentleman's Picnic,' to-night, and have not had such a spontaneous laugh in twenty years. I have often thought *that kind of laugh* had all died out

of me. I am glad of any youthful emotion." "My old home is the dearest of all places to me —my joys and sorrows and most of my life have been spent under its roof, and its sun, if not high, is yet warm in the sober afternoon." "I am over 80 years in my journey thro' life. I have been much alone. I don't mind being alone, as many persons do, and for many years there has been a kind of necessity for this condition. I am not timid, in illness I have ministrations from nurses, doctors, and also of servants—in comfortable health I am good company to myself, and don't feel the loneliness that an unsocial companion's presence gives me."

The solitude, however, could not continue. Soon after this writing, an incautious step on snow-covered ice caused a fall and injury that confined her to her bed for weeks, and from which she rose to move only with the aid of crutches. The day following the accident a friendly visitor found her patient, cheerful, and resigned, with that philosophy that marked her manner of meeting the changes of life. "Here I am flat on my back, with a weight on my leg, and can't stir hand or foot, and I lie here think-

ing how much I have to be thankful for. I'm thankful it happened at home so that I have not got to be carried here; I'm thankful I am not a poor woman dependent upon my daily work for my daily bread, and that I can afford to pay for all the care and attention I need; I'm thankful to have found some one at once to come and take care of me, and then I'm thankful that it is my leg and not my neck!" When able to sit up, the journal was again taken up. "My broken leg has made me feel that I may as well give up and tune my pipes to lamentations. I don't think it unreasonable to desire the use of my limbs. I consider the world very beautiful, and life full of blessings, only some come to us in disguise, we are told." "God moves in a mysterious way, as is verified in my case, and made a cripple of me that I might understand that I am an old woman, and ought to conform to the usages of people of my years, and retire from the gay and festive scenes that hitherto I have enjoyed so much." At times the great future seemed near: "Who knows the future? Shall we recognize and be recognized? I have thought if I go to a better world I should like

to see Solomon; he has been purified doubtless without losing his wisdom. And as eternity is long, perhaps Adam, our dear, old 'hen-pecked' father, might in time claim me in his effort to call together his extended family circle. I love a crowd! and think I should enjoy seeing all my relations; but I thank God for the memories of the life that is past, for the good in the life that now is, and for the hope of the life that is to come."

A dullness of hearing marred the pleasure of living as these years of lameness continued, but there was ever the strong love of life, and that readjustment to altered conditions that was characteristic. "Life is quite a study and far more difficult than the lessons of a school-room. My infirmities are to remind me of the woes of life mingled with its blessings. I miss my hearing ears and seek atonement in my wonderful seeing eyes." Nothing more forcibly expressed one of the ruling principles of her life than the words, "We don't exactly elect our destiny, but we can mar it by our misconduct."

XXXIV

THE REMINISCENT YEARS

During the crippled years it was a severe trial to Miss Mary to be unable to go freely about her own house, and to be obliged to depend upon the service of others. She had always chosen an upper room that had been her mother's, where in young maidenhood the mother had sat at the western window embroidering. Miss Mary had loved the same seat and outlook as she wrought intricate lace-stitches or "sprigged" the fine white mull for gown or apron, thinking the while those thoughts too precious to utter, or weighing lighter matters. Her strong determination now enabled her to descend the staircase, and, with the aid of crutches, to walk about her garden and door-yards. The flowers and plants welcomed her, and she "saluted" them in her own fashion.

The young shoots forever springing up around the old lilac-bushes were like the ever-young feelings in her own heart, and the raspberry bush by the butt'ry door, replacing the one from which her baby hands had loved to pick the little black thimbles, spoke to her of the long past years. The lily-bed at Queen Esther's was beyond her reach, but with her mind's eye she could see it as the breeze swept the curving green leaves till it seemed a little lake in the grass.

All the familiar stretch of vision was so dear! She could still see, in thought, the whole place as it was in her youth, ere the end-kitchen and various other buildings were removed, and when the slaves still went in and out of the open door. Only one trace of them remained; the back door-stone was so worn by their shuffling tread that the hollow thus made would hold a full pail of water!

Over the path of narrow stones she made her pilgrimage. Back and forth on them she passed, as, when a little girl, she learned to use the power now weakened and maimed. These stones were full of messages. She had often wondered why

they were so narrow. Surely when they were laid there was land enough, and stones enough, and time enough! Now she had come to think of them as leading to the narrow house where so many, one by one, had been borne, and toward which she looked with unfaltering gaze.

Five crippled years passed. The cheerful spirit rarely flagged, nor did patience tarry, although privations increased. A duller hearing, and, finally, the loss of acute vision debarring her from the books that had been the chief solace and companions of her solitude, took from life its charm. Then, and not till then, did she wish to resign it.

Miss Mary made every provision for the immediate necessities that would follow her death. During the long life there had been several severe illnesses, and, like her father, she had always faced death with peculiar calmness and as a matter of course. A few months before death came, realizing that strength was failing, she sent for a neighbor whom she told that she thought her life was near its end, and arranged that this neighbor, who had prepared her mother for burial, should perform the same

office for her. For that service she had received a certain sum of money; for this one she was to be likewise compensated. Miss Mary directed in what garments she should be clothed, desired that no one should look on her face after death, that no flowers be put about her or on her coffin, and that she should be carried over the same narrow stones that marked the path of her baby feet, and that were hallowed by the lives and deaths of those dear ones who had been carried out before her.

A gold piece was laid in the upper drawer of the bureau near her bed, to be ready for the clergyman who should officiate at her funeral, as, to her mind, the distance from which he must come merited recognition. Provision was also made in her will for the perpetual care of her grave and of the graves of the others dear to her.

She owed no one anything, and her mind was at rest about all worldly affairs. Debarred the comfort of reading, and with feebleness and suffering increasing, life was no more of value; the release that came ere the dawn of a Thanksgiving morning was longed for, and the glad spirit fled to its Maker, and to the joyful reunion with those "lost awhile."

Faithful hands had ministered to all the needs; loving care had surrounded her; the dearest of kindred had comforted her seclusion and brought cheer to dark days; all that remained to be done was to carry out her last wishes.

The Judge of Probate said Miss Mary's will was "long enough to go 'round a barn!" The making of wills had been almost a hobby with her. Inheriting a tract of land from her grandmother, she had waited anxiously for her eighteenth birthday in order to make testamentary disposal of it. After the death of her father, she being then about forty years of age, another will was naturally necessary, and on inheriting her mother's estate, still another. Under friendly guidance she had learned to draw the important document herself, and this third will came to be a great one, bearing codicil after codicil, as she outlived one and another therein remembered. Finally, after twenty-eight had died among the kindred, friends, old servants, and various pensioners mentioned, the time for the last will came. It was but a year or two before her death, and the writing of it was a great excitement. Following the lines long laid

down, the land that had come to her through the female line must go to that cousin of a younger generation who would so pass it on. Whatever came from her father must go to those of his line and name, and the possessions of her mother to her most immediate kin, or to those bearing the well-loved maiden name. Silver, furniture, jewellery, ornaments, books, pictures, the fine counterpanes the mother had prized, the lace veil embroidered by Miss Mary in her youth, the famous tea-set, the rare old glasses, money at interest, stocks, house, and lands, all were designated, leaving the executor's task singularly free from pitfalls.

XXXV

THE DEATH OF THE HOUSE

At last the old house was empty and desolate, and, like its mistress, it gently lost its hold on life. There was no longer a hand to lift a latch, a foot to rest on the hearthstone, or a face to look forth from a lattice. The old walls that during the long, long years since the tool of the builder left them had garnered their treasures, now, like the fading memories of old people, were losing their power of bestowal. All that lay in their hidden record, the faces they knew and loved, the voices that made them glad; the joy of bride and bridegroom, welcomed there in their youth; the first cry of the newly born; the words of love, of counsel, of direction from parents to children; the lover's entreaty and the maiden's whisper; the husky voice of age, that having fought a good fight and kept the faith, surrendered the

soul to its Maker, all these, and more, the walls enshrined. The children of sunnier skies and a far-off land, stolen, sold into bondage, had here a refuge 'mid brethren of their tribe born under the shelter of the home. And while seven strong sons had passed out to lift their own roof-trees a-near, and twice a stranger had come to lead a happy bride across the threshold, there had been sadder departures, as, one by one, loved and familiar forms were carried out of the wide door, and over the path of narrow stones, to burial.

The old heart had borne its sorrows nobly, and who could wonder that the echoing walls finally gave but a dull sound and that the tale they tried to tell lacked coherence! The outer walls, grown gray with years, might attract those who loved them for their signs, but at the best, the story could be but partly told, however keen the ear that listened, or the instinct that sought to supply the lost chords. Was it not in mercy that, like the sweep of the wing of the death-angel, came the blast that left to mortal senses only a stilled heart and dissolution?

The walls of Queen Esther's little home still stand under the shadow of the old oak-tree and

younger maples. Every summer the white stars of Bethlehem group themselves in constellations across the stretch of meadow, and the live-for-ever shines above the grass, while the great lake of lily-leaves ripples in the breeze, and the tall flower-stalks, raising their flaming banners, stand like sentinels around its border challenging an intruding foot.

And year by year the greater ruin keeps its anniversaries. Spring after spring the warm sunbeams brighten it, and the first blue-bird, with picturesque instinct, rests on the silvery moss-covered ghost of a cherry-tree. Later, the robins nest again in the dear old places, and orioles flash in and out of the dark hemlock branches. June after June the rose-bushes that are fast encircling the house unveil their tender beauties, that bow before the breeze only to bend back their bright young faces with a caressing touch against the old gray walls, comforting them as the kisses of a child always comfort the silver-haired. Summer after summer the great raspberry-bush by the butt'ry door tells of the long-time hospitality, reaching out to the lover of the past its slender arms tipped with luscious

clusters. Harvest after harvest the ripe timothy fills the air with its fragrance as it lies in long swaths before the gathering.

And Nature is claiming her own. The great beams that she fostered in their slender youth and beauty, and endowed with power and might in their maturity, bend more and more toward her loving breast. She has called the young woodbines to come and clasp the fallen stones with their shining tendrils and cover with a new life that old heart. The winds pause to sing their lullabies and dirges, the snow wreathes every ledge and lintel and her white hand lingers tenderly on the wreck. The rains beat upon it, as they do on the graves in the distant burying-place, and like them, the old house sinks more and more into the lap of Earth, while the moss thickens on the low picket-fence, and the grass crowds over the edges of the narrow stones that lead up to the faded green door.

APPENDIX

Page 68.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS FOR THE SETTING-OUT OF A BRIDE, 1758.

	£	s.	d.
1 Crimson Harrateen Couch.....	2	12	20
3 Looking Glasses	13	9	4
6 Large Table-Spoons	5	2	0
6 Tea Spoons & pair Tea-Tongs....	1	18	11
12 Pewter Plates		12	9
1 Doz. Large Ditto.....		16	4
1 Doz. Large Hardmettle Ditto....	1	6	0
1 Gallon Bason		7	0
3 Three Pint Ditto.....		5	2
5 Quart Ditto		8	9
3 Porringers		4	0
3 Large Ditto.....		4	6
1 London Quart Pott.....		3	3
1 Point Can.....		3	0
12 Platters 39 lbs., @ 1s. 7d.....	2	10	8
3 Brass Kittles.....	8	1	0
1 Silver Tankard.....	14	0	0
1 Cream Pott.....	2	15	0
	55	1	4

	£	s.	d.			
Old Tenor.....	55	1	4			
In Colonial Money.....				550	13	4
1 Fraim of a Couch.....				13	6	

	£	s.	d.
2 Chests of Draws	75		
1 Dressing Table	12		
1 Pier-Foot Round Table	12		
1 Four-Foot Ditto	8		
1 Tea Ditto	8		
1 Kitchen Ditto	2	10	
1 Collard (colored?) Ditto	3	10	
1 Stand	2		
1 Small Table	3		
3½ Dozen Chairs	88		
4 Feather Beds & bolsters & pillows	134		
12 Pair pillibear cases (5 of them Holland	10		
10 Pair sheets (2 of them Holland	8		
Hollan for curtins & counterpins	30		
20 yards blanketing	20		
3 coverlids costly ones	32		
2 coverlids	12		
2 pieces calico	67		
Outside 1 quilt	7		
Outside & lining & Quilting 2 bed quilts	15	4	
24 yards tow-cloth for under beds	12		
12 yards Diaper	12		
12 yards huckabuck	12		
6 yds. tow-cloth	3		
2 Table-cloths, 9 yards @ 20s	9		
14 yards Diaper 20s. pr yard	14		
6 " " 14s. " "	4	4	
8 yards cloth for table & towels	4		
chinch for curtins, 8 yards	15	4	
muslin for lining	4	10	
1 Set Cheaney Tea-Dishes	3	8	
½ Set Tea-Dishes	3		
2 Iron Potts	4	15	
2 Iron Kittles	3	0	

	£	s.	d.
Skillet & Bason	1	6	
1 Tea-Kittle	7	10	
1 Chafing Dish	3		
1 Tea-Pot	2	5	
1 Toasting-Iron	1	5	
1 Frying-Pan	1	16	
1 Warming-Pan	5	10	
1 Box-iron & heater	2	5	
4 pattipans, 1 pepper-pot, 1 canister.	2	4	
1 pair snuffers		5	
1 bellows	2		
1 pair Tongs 1 Peal 1 Gridiron	14	10	
1 Tribbet (trivet) 2 Pair Hand-irons	11	10	
Case and a half of knives & forks	3		
6 puter spunes		18	
Wooden ware	4		
Cooper work	7	14	
Glasses & Earthen ware	17	5	
2 large punch boulds	2	18	
3 likor glasses	1	10	
14 picter fraims	9	16	
Pictor and fraim of ye Royal Family.	30	5	
1 Great wheel	3	6	
1 Duch (Dutch) wheel	5		
1 Horse & Side-Saddle	100		
4 cows	24		
1 Stear	24		
1 Sow & Piggs	5		
	1,520	10	11
Reduced to Lawful Money	152	1	1
1 Negro Girl	33		
	185	10	11

Equisetaceæ (Horsetails).

Page 135.

"The cuticle or thin skin which covers the Horsetails, is in all the species regularly and beautifully decked with particles of flint, arranged in lines and other forms, often not the five-hundredth part of an inch in diameter.

The Horsetails are found in every latitude from the equator to the poles, abounding in the tropical parts of America and Asia and at the Cape of Good Hope, but becoming rare as we advance toward the polar circles.

Our native species were by the old writers termed Shave-grasses, and, as this Corn Horsetail has much of the roughness given by the particles of flint, and as it is the most frequent species, it is probably the plant sold in Queen Elizabeth's time by the 'Herbe-women of Cheapside' under the names of Shave-grass and Pewter-wort, or Vitraria, though it would doubtless have been considered inferior to the *equisetum hyemale*, which Gerarde calls 'the small and naked shave-grass, wherewith fletchers and combe-makers doe rub and polish their worke.' It was very serviceable in the kitchens of olden times, and was doubtless used for cleaning the wooden spoons and platters, the 'breen' of our forefathers, as well as the 'garnish' of pewter. Although in early days the tables of the opulent were served with silver, yet in the humbler households wooden articles were commonly used at the daily meals until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when pewter came into general use among the higher classes, though not until the eighteenth century were the articles made from it

sufficiently cheap to admit of their being seen at any save the rich man's table.

Harrison referring to this in 1580, says that in some places "beyond the sea, a garnish of good flat pewter of an ordinarie making is esteemed almost so pretious as the like number of vessels that are made of silver and in a maner no less desired amongst the great Estates where workmen are nothing so skilful in that trade as ours," and the prices he gives of the various articles prove their great costliness.

The shave-grasses served for cleaning either kind of ware, and this Corn Horsetail is still used by the dairy-maids in Yorkshire for cleansing wooden milk-pails, while the larger and less frequent plant has long been known to our polishers of marble and other similar substances, and under the name of *Dutch Rush* has been imported from Holland for their use.

The main stem of the frond is usually erect, two or three feet high, hollow, tapering towards its summit, and marked with from fourteen to twenty ridges. These ridges render the stem so rough to the touch that they are like a file, and their crystals of flint display under the microscope the most exquisitely beautiful arrangement. They abound both in the inner and outer cuticle, and form a complete framework to the plant."

—Ferns of Great Britain and their Allies. By Anne Pratt.

Page 153.

Among the Daughters of Liberty in Stratford were two children of a man who, although many of his family were fighting for freedom, remained a Tory, declaring that "even the frogs in the meadow croaked 'God save King George.'" The

elder of these daughters, having lost her thimble, would not buy another, as it would be an imported article, and Polly, the little sister, scorning an English needle, learned to sew with a fine thorn.

Page 156.

A collection of arrow-heads, broken tomahawks, etc., gathered from this field, shows some arrow-heads made of stone not found nearer than Maine and Ohio, and at the Minneapolis Exhibition in 1891 some of the arrow-heads exhibited there that came from the Cliff-Dwellers in New Mexico were of exactly the same shape and stone as some of those found near the Spindle-tree.

Page 170.

In the Virginia campaign resulting in the defeat of Cornwallis, the Duc de Lauzun's was the first force to meet the corps of Tarleton, and for this service he was chosen to carry the news of the surrender of Yorktown to France.

The Chevalier de Hoehn was rewarded for courage at Yorktown.

De Lauzun suffered under the guillotine in 1793.

Count Dillon was also guillotined.

POSTSCRIPT

During the last few years, the question has been asked many times if the characters mentioned in these pages were real people, and what was the name of "Miss Mary."

The characters were real, and lived in the houses and localities described, and with few exceptions bore the name of Shelton, being descendants of Daniel Shelton, the first of the name to settle in New England in 1686, whose wife was a granddaughter of Governor Thomas Welles.

"Miss Mary" bore the name of Smith, but her mother was Gloriana Shelton; Beach and Charity were Tomlinsons, and Hephzibah de Forest became a Hawley; all these names are prominent in the settlement of western Connecticut.

It has been suggested that these facts might give an added interest to the readers of "The Salt-Box House."

A. S. S.

February, 1929.

FROM
Miss Bennett's Shop
Titusville
Pennsylvania